WILLIAM BRIMAGE BATE

Memorial Addresses

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES
JANUARY 17, 1907
AND IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
JANUARY 20, 1907

Class E664
Book B28U5

WILLIAM BRIMAGE BATE

(Late a Senator from Tennessee)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

Fifty-ninth Congress
Second Session

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES
January 17, 1907

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
January 20, 1907

Compiled under the direction of the Joint Committee on Printing

WASHINGTON : : GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE : : 1907

SEP 21 1987
D. of D.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Proceedings in the Senate	5
Prayer by Rev. Edward E. Hale	6
Memorial addresses by—	
Mr. Carmack, of Tennessee	9
Mr. Daniel, of Virginia	18
Mr. Nelson, of Minnesota	27
Mr. McEnery, of Louisiana	31
Mr. Clark, of Montana	36
Mr. Spooner, of Wisconsin	40
Mr. Perkins, of California	43
Mr. Frazier, of Tennessee	48
Proceedings in the House	61
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden	62
Memorial addresses by—	
Mr. Gaines, of Tennessee	65
Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio	88
Mr. Clark, of Missouri	97
Mr. Richardson, of Alabama	103
Mr. James, of Kentucky	109
Mr. Brownlow, of Tennessee	113
Mr. Stanley, of Kentucky	119
Mr. Lamb, of Virginia	128
Mr. De Armond, of Missouri	134
Mr. Robinson, of Arkansas	141
Mr. Meyer, of Louisiana	147
Mr. Garrett, of Tennessee	153
Mr. Butler, of Tennessee	163
Mr. Houston, of Tennessee	166
Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee	170
Mr. Sims, of Tennessee	173

DEATH OF SENATOR WILLIAM B. BATE

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

FRIDAY, *June 1, 1906.*

Mr. CARMACK. Mr. President, I give notice that on Saturday, June 16, I will ask the Senate to consider resolutions in commemoration of the life, character, and public services of my late colleague, Hon. WILLIAM B. BATE.

WEDNESDAY, *June 13, 1906.*

Mr. CARMACK. Mr. President, a few days ago I gave notice that on Saturday, the 16th instant, I would ask the Senate to consider resolutions of respect to my late colleague, Hon. WILLIAM B. BATE; but on account of the necessary absence of a number of Senators who wish to make remarks, and at their request as well as at the request of my colleagues from Tennessee in the other House, I wish to withdraw that notice, and I shall renew it at some future time.

MONDAY, *December 10, 1906.*

Mr. CARMACK. Mr. President——

The VICE-PRESIDENT. Does the Senator from Illinois yield to the Senator from Tennessee?

Mr. CULLOM. I do.

Mr. CARMACK. I simply wish to give notice that on Thursday, January 17, I shall ask the Senate to consider resolutions of respect to my late colleague, Senator BATE, of Tennessee.

THURSDAY, *January 17, 1907.*

The Chaplain, Rev. Edward E. Hale, offered the following prayer:

Take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore.

Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectioned one to another; in honour preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.

Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

Father of love, Father of life, we commemorate this day the service of him whom Thou wast pleased to call from service here to higher service there. Teach us, Father, every man, every woman, every boy, every girl, how to do the duty that comes next our hand in every living day. Show us what that duty is. Show us from hour to hour how we are to do it. Give us strength for our weakness that we may be fellow-workmen with our God not alone, not as if we could be alone, but as together, to bear each other's burdens, to live in the common life, each for all and all for each. This is our prayer; and that Thou wilt unite us, Father, as Thine own children in Christ Jesus.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is done in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For

Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory. Forever and ever. Amen.

Mr. CARMACK. Mr. President, some time ago I gave notice that to-day I should ask the Senate to consider resolutions commemorative of the life and character of my late colleague, Hon. WILLIAM B. BATE. I send the resolutions to the desk, and ask that they may be read.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Secretary will read the resolutions submitted by the senior Senator from Tennessee.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. WILLIAM B. BATE, late a Senator from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Tennessee.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. CARMACK, OF TENNESSEE

Mr. PRESIDENT: It is with a feeling of peculiar tenderness and reverence that I approach the sad duty of this occasion. I was born within a mile of General BATE's homestead, lived among his friends and neighbors, listened with rapt attention to stories of camp and conflict as they fell from the lips of the heroic veterans who were his followers and comrades in battle, and from my early boyhood was deeply imbued with the spirit of personal devotion to him that prevailed among the people of his native county. In later years circumstances brought us much together, and I became his personal friend and supporter in all his political contests. My personal knowledge of the man revealed inborn qualities which strengthened my love for him and held it to the last; and the affectionate relations that have existed and do exist between our families are among the most precious blessings of life.

Mr. President, if in youth one could be permitted to shape the end of his life he could not wish for it a happier termination than that which closed the mortal career of WILLIAM B. BATE. Full of years, full of fame, and full of honors he closed a life crowned with domestic peace and happiness, the esteem and confidence of his people, and that consciousness of duty faithfully done which more than all things else gives sweetness to life and takes bitterness from death. By the sternest code of honor he lived a life of rectitude. It is no

exaggeration to say that neither to the right nor to the left, under whatever temptation, throughout a long life, full of action, full of excitement, full of strivings and honorable ambitions, did he ever swerve by the breadth of a hair from the path of honor. In addition to all this, and higher and better than all this, the Christian's faith and hope were his; so that his peaceful death, met with a calm and quiet resignation, was a fitting close to such a life, a happy realization of the prophet's prayer, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." He died as one who knew that the gates of death were but the portals of immortal life.

WILLIAM B. BATE was born in the old blue-grass county of Sumner, a county still famed for the sterling character of its citizenship and the generous hospitality of its people. The world can not produce a nobler type of men and women than may there be found. They are worthy of the ancestry from whom they sprang. General BATE was the son of a Revolutionary soldier, and came from the old pioneer stock who in the early history of the State invaded this region with ax and rifle to hew through the primeval forests a pathway for civilization. They were men of heroic heart and simple faith. A faith in God that knew no doubts or questionings gave them the fortitude to dare the terrors of the wilderness. On the frontiers of civilization, struggling with wild beasts and with yet wilder men, they acquired the fundamental qualities that go to make the manners and the character of a gentleman—respect for one's self and for others. General BATE was born near Old Bledsoe's Lick, and within sight of the old fort where the early settlers found protection while yet the white man had to make good his title to the land against his savage foe. Here he spent the years of his boyhood until—a fatherless lad—he determined to go forth alone to match himself against the

world. He went first to Nashville and secured a place as clerk on a steamboat which plied between Nashville and New Orleans. The war with Mexico coming on, he enlisted in the latter city, joining a company of Louisianians, and went to Mexico. He served out his term of enlistment with the Louisiana troops and then joined a company from his own State which had arrived upon the scene of hostilities and was made first lieutenant. In this capacity he served to the end of the war.

After his return from Mexico he soon entered upon the study of law, graduating from the Cumberland Law School, at Lebanon, Tenn. He did not have to wait for clients, but at once achieved marked success in his profession, being elected prosecuting attorney for the district, including the city of Nashville, in the year 1854, just two years after he had been licensed as a practicing attorney. In 1856 he married Miss Julia Peete at Huntsville, Ala., the loving and faithful partner of his long and checkered life, who still survives him. It so happens that this day upon which we commemorate his life and services is the anniversary of the day of their happy union.

General BATE early developed a taste for politics, and as a member of the legislature and Presidential elector on the Breckinridge-Lane ticket he began his political career, a career which had already given promise of greatness when interrupted by the outbreak of the war of secession.

Tennessee left the Union reluctantly and with sorrow. She had voted down the first proposal to leave the Union by an immense majority. But when the secession movement grew to such strength that war became inevitable, and she had to decide between the alternative of uniting her forces with or against her sister States of the South, she chose to abide the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy. Looking calmly back from this

peaceful time to that stormy period, I am proud that she dared and suffered with the South.

The martial, the military instinct in General BATE was strong, and his whole heart and soul was in the cause of the South. Neither then nor afterwards, to his dying day, did he ever question the justice of her cause or permit any man to do so in his presence without stern and emphatic rebuke. That cause had in him a friend who was faithful unto death and beyond the grave.

He enlisted as a private in a company then forming at Gallatin, was made its captain, and later was elected colonel of the regiment. In his eagerness to give his services on the field he promptly took his regiment to Virginia and commanded it in the battle of Bull Run. As its term of enlistment was about to expire, so thoroughly had the rank and file become imbued with the spirit of their commander, when the proposal was made to them to enlist for the war the entire regiment stepped forward as one man. There was not one laggard in this regiment of Sumner County heroes.

There was another conspicuous illustration of the spirit that prevailed in this regiment. Because of the promptitude with which they had gone to the front, Colonel BATE had been permitted to select the army in which his regiment should serve, and he naturally selected the army of Tennessee. Upon the transfer being made, all the members of the regiment were given a sixty days' furlough. Before this furlough had expired Albert Sidney Johnston made the movement which brought on the battle of Shiloh, and at the call of their colonel the members of this regiment voluntarily abandoned the ease and comfort of home, tore up their unexpired furloughs, and hastened to report for duty. For many of them it meant death or mutilating wounds, for this regiment was early in the battle and in

the "focal and foremost fire." In a desperate charge Colonel BATE rode in the very front of his regiment and cheered them toward the foe. While doing so he received a wound which shattered his leg, but he continued to lead his regiment onward until faintness from loss of blood caused the bridle reins to drop from his hands and until his horse was shot from under him. In that battle his brother and brother-in-law and a cousin were killed and another cousin severely wounded—five members of one family in one regiment weltering in their blood upon one battlefield.

Colonel BATE lay for a long time in peril of death from his terrible wound. His surgeons decided that amputation was necessary, but it was characteristic of the man that he overruled the opinion of the surgeons and decided to take the chance of recovery without the loss of his limb. His decision meant that he would take all the chances of death rather than become unserviceable to his country in its hour of peril. He slowly recovered from his wound and was indeed badly crippled throughout the war. He returned to his command on crutches as a brigadier-general.

He was so badly crippled that it was not believed that he would again be fit for duty in the field, and a movement sprang up to make him governor of the State to succeed Isham G. Harris, whose term was soon to expire. There is no doubt whatever that he could have been elected; but he promptly declared that he would accept no civil office, but would share all the perils of battle with his comrades unto the bitter end. He was afterwards twice wounded while yet so badly crippled from his former wound that he had to be lifted to his horse as he rode at the head of his command. He had three horses killed under him at Chickamauga, and everywhere and under all circumstances he exhibited that same spirit that won the

name bestowed upon him in the official report of his division commander, General Stuart, at Chickamauga—"the indomitable." I shall not dwell upon the details of his military career. I need not do so—there are volumes of eulogy in the simple statement that he entered the army as a private soldier and left it as a major-general. From the hopeful beginning to the end of the sad but glorious chapter, when he surrendered the ragged, famished, battle-torn, heroic remnant of his command, it was the same story of a devotion that knew no weakness and a valor that knew no fear. Upon his tombstone, and upon that of every Tennessean who followed him, may be written without flattery the characterization of Bayard—"a knight without fear and without reproach."

When the war was over he returned to the practice of law, removing to the capital city of Nashville, and soon commanded an immense practice. He was especially successful in jury trials, and at the time when he became governor in 1882 his firm probably had the largest practice in the State.

He was elected governor at a time when the refunding of the State debt followed as a result of the settlement which was an issue in this campaign. An incident in connection with this shows the extreme punctiliousness of his sense of duty. The law required that the new bonds issued should be signed by the governor. When it was proposed to prepare a stamp by which the facsimile of his signature might be placed upon the bonds he insisted upon an exact compliance with the letter of the law and of undergoing the immense physical labor and writing the signature upon each with his own hand. In all his career this same nice and self-exacting sense of duty governed his public and his private conduct.

After his second term as governor came his election to the Senate. It was a battle of the Titans in which he then pre-

vailed. Intellectual giants like ex-Governor Marks and ex-Congressman John F. House contended with him in friendly and chivalrous rivalry, and yielded him the palm without bitterness as to a victor worthy of their steel.

In politics he lived and died a Democrat—not simply in the sense that he supported the nominees of his party, but because he was a thorough believer in its great fundamental principles. Like the late Isham G. Harris, he clung with tenacity to his party's earliest creed and felt a sense of resentment for every deviation from the Jeffersonian principle of a strict construction of the Constitution.

In his service here he was faithful, industrious, diligent, a close student of the business of the Senate, having a clear understanding of the questions of the day, and when he chose to do so he presented his views with great ability, learning, and power. A speech on the tariff question in the early years of his service showed him to be a profound student of national taxation, and his speech upon what, in our part of the country, was usually denominated the "force bill" was liberally quoted from one end of the land to the other.

But above all other qualities, he bore among his associates here a reputation for honor and integrity that was without a stain. No suspicion of an unworthy motive was ever imputed to any act of his. No man here or elsewhere ever felt one moment's doubt as to the absolute rectitude of his intentions.

It is a fact significant of the happy passing of old issues, of old passions and prejudices, that among the most devoted friends he had in this Chamber were those who wore the blue when he wore the gray, who fought under the Stars and Stripes when he fought under the stars and bars; with whom he contended for life and death in the awful shock of battle. There are no truer friends than those who have been honorable

foes, and the handclasp that is made above the grave of kindred dead is never broken. Even as he loved and honored those who fought by his side he loved and honored those who confronted them. And while old associations, the memory of common sorrows and of common sufferings, bound him as with hooks of steel to his comrades in arms, the story of that great war was to him a lesson of American prowess and American valor, which, united under a common flag, could withstand the world in arms.

His intense devotion to the memory of the cause for which he had fought, and of the comrades who had died for that cause, might seem to the superficial inconsistent with heartfelt devotion to the Union; but you in this Chamber who fought on the other side, none of you ever questioned for one moment the loyalty to the Union of this battle-scared old hero of the Confederacy. You loved and honored him for his very fidelity to those hallowed memories and hallowed graves. You, who like him, but on the opposing side, have passed through the furnace of war know that he who can lightly forget what was once the cause of his country, the cause for which its women prayed, and for which its sons had died, could not be loyal to any country or faithful to any flag. You knew that he brought to the service of the whole country as faithful a devotion to duty as when fighting for the cause of the Confederacy on the red edge of battle. The Confederacy had no braver knight than WILLIAM B. BATE when war was flagrant in the land; the Union has had no truer friend since the war clouds were lifted and the waiting sunlight came down to bless the land, which is the common hope, as it is the common heritage, of us all. His love for the Confederacy was but the faithfulness of memory to the noble dead—that lingering with uncovered head by the tomb of old comrades and fallen hopes which purifies and exalts the soul.

Mr. President, it is true that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." WILLIAM B. BATE was one of those who came back from the war, surveyed the scene of red ruin and blank desolation that overspread his country, and then with heart resolute and undismayed faced the awful problems of that awful time. All the heroism displayed through four blazing years of war pales into insignificance by the side of that story of patience, constancy, and fortitude which enabled a weaponless and uncaptained army of disfranchised citizens to win victory even from defeat.

In private life General BATE was simple, plain, devoid of artifice or ostentation. Unusually blessed in his domestic relations, he found his happiest hours around the family hearthstone and in the company of congenial friends; but in all the walks of life the same high courage and noble qualities which won him honor and fame in field, in forum, and in Senate were his. And when he came to meet the inevitable hour these qualities rose supreme and he blenched not when he stood face to face with the king of terrors. Over him the grave could win no victory and for him death had no sting. As in the ardor of his youthful prime he had faced death without a tremor, with all the courage of a soldier, so at the last he met death with all the fortitude of a Christian. At peace with his fellow-man, with his conscience, and his God, "he gave his honors to the world again, his blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace."

Address of Mr. Daniel, of Virginia

Mr. President: We have halted on the forced march that is made necessary by the short and congested session of Congress, and we have called a truce to all dissension that we may pay tribute to the memory of one of our number whose name the Ruler of the Universe has stricken forever from the Senate roll and from the roll of life. The shadow of death marks the boundaries of man's common country. By the reconciling grave we are one.

William Brimage Bate was a soldier of his country before he became a man. He had just entered his fourth term of service in this body when he departed from us. Throughout his long and useful life he was an earnest and honest soldier of the common good.

At the close of his service he left behind him a clean, white record, which bears witness that through his life's ceaseless struggle he was always "present for duty," and that as God gave him to see that duty so he did it, whatever might befall.

He had passed considerably beyond the period of threescore years and ten before he died—indeed, he was in his eightieth year—but his strength had remained equal to his tasks; and it is consoling to reflect that it was not in the valley of helplessness that he left us nor by the process of slow decay.

No matter when death comes, so mighty is the change it is startling and sudden.

No matter what the premonitions may be, and no matter howsoever we steel our hearts to meet the inevitable, the blow that shivers the life of one beloved and honored must lacerate the sensibilities and pall upon the affections.

Although the shadow upon the dial marked the evening of his days, Senator BATE was here and took the oath of office for a new term on the 4th of March, 1905.

I had stood by his side when he entered the Senate in 1887, and again was with him when he was sworn in the last time.

Together we joined in the line of Senators that proceeded from this hall to witness the inauguration of President Roosevelt from the east front of the Capitol. As we passed out of the Chamber I said to him, "General, I have seen you sworn into the Senate for four times, and I hope that you may long live and that I may have the pleasure of seeing you sworn in again;" but it was not so written.

As we reached the throng pressing forward through the halls of the Capitol we became detached from each other and I never saw him more. A severe cold, contracted by the exposure to the piercing atmosphere of the inaugural occasion, brought on pneumonia, and soon the sad intellegence came that WILLIAM BRIMAGE BATE was no more.

He was born in the blue-grass region of Tennessee, in Sumner County, as his colleague has recounted, in the midst of the scenes of the old Indian wars, near Bledsoe's Lick, which is now known as Castalian Springs, in a section that abounds with incidents of the encounters between the hardy pioneers and the stubborn tribes of Indians who stood in their pathway. He sprung from that yeoman stock which loves the land and fights for it, and, plastic of mind and heart, he was full of the traditions and legends which inspire manhood to high emprise. "Old Hickory" said, and he was of that region, that "the man who was born and reared among these people deserved but little credit for being a gentleman or a soldier, for he could not help it."

The blood of the pioneers of Virginia and North Carolina mingled in his veins. Tillage of the soil, the earliest and purest of avocations, was theirs. They held the simple faith of the Baptists, and they looked on life as a real, earnest, and solemn matter, to be met by the best that was in them.

When yet in his teens, young BATE, with that spirit of adventure and desire to see the world which is apt to characterize the youth of our race, set out for New Orleans, having become a clerk on the steamer *Saladin*, plying between Nashville and that city.

The expansion of our race has never come from congestion at home. They have gone forth into all lands from that spirit of enterprise and love of romance and adventure which the Creator has implanted in their ambitious, strong, and aspiring blood.

The Mexican war was on, and, joining a Louisiana command, the boy BATE, as a private soldier, with his musket on his shoulder, marched with it to the relief of Zachary Taylor on the border of Mexico. This service ended, he became first lieutenant of Company I, Third Tennessee Volunteers, was selected as its adjutant, and with it served until the conclusion of the Mexican war.

From second clerk on a steamer and private in the ranks he rose by steady gradations to the foremost places in both peace and war. To glance at the positions in which he was placed by the confidence and trust of the people is as if to let the eye range over the rungs of the ascending ladder by which he climbed to eminence and renown. Private and lieutenant in the Mexican war, editor of the Tenth Legion, a Democratic journal, after the return to peace, and a member of the legislature, and then came his settling down to the study of the legal profession in 1850, when he entered a law school in Lebanon, Tenn., graduating in 1852.

Soon again he climbs upward. He became attorney-general for the judicial district which was composed of Sumner, Davidson, and Williamson counties, which include the city of Nashville, for six years. While holding this office he was nominated for Congress, but declined. In 1860 he was elector upon the Breckinridge ticket for the Presidency, but Tennessee stood slow and patient, as did my own State, upon the edge of war, and each of them gave their electoral vote to John Bell.

In 1861 the lightnings of war flashed from the clouds of long dissension. It was the rear guard fight about an institution which perplexed the nations of the earth for countless ages past. Again he took his place at the bottom of the ladder, enlisting as a private of volunteers. He was elected captain of the company which became Company I, of the Second Tennessee, and later was elected colonel of the regiment. Brigadier-general in 1862, major-general in 1863, corps commander of the remnant of a great command at the surrender, BATE made a name as a soldier, based upon facts which can never be confused or belittled, which places him in the front rank of just renown.

In the conflicts of 1862–1864 he was wounded, first at Shiloh, in 1862, then at Hoovers Gap, in 1863, and then again at Atlanta, in 1864; and as the rings in the bark of a tree mark the years of its growth, so the years of his service were marked with scars upon his person.

"Indomitable BATE" was the characterization of him by Gen. A. P. Stewart, after the bloody battle of Missionary Ridge, in which three horses were killed under him.

No hero of all that bloody strife more possessed the confidence of the soldiers whom he commanded and of the superior officers who commanded him.

The war records make enduring pedestal for the statue of his

fame, and whether they were composed by a soldier upon one side or the other they are in the main the embodiment of the truth. If neither of the armies which opposed each other had other chroniclers and commentators than those who fought against them, their great heroic characters and their fame would be permanently enshrined.

Some day Tennessee will raise his own figure on that pedestal, and it will sometime stand in bronze in his beloved Tennessee, where it will not only attest the valor and devotion of the past but be an inspiration to the youth of the volunteer State, which will "keep the soldier firm and the statesman true."

I heard one of his captains, who was himself wounded at Shiloh, say that over the roll of the musketry could be heard the voice of BATE cheering on his soldiers. Presently one of his men said to him, "Colonel BATE must be down, for I hear his voice no more." So in truth it was; and soon near Shiloh Church lay five of his family near each other, three killed and two wounded, his brother, Capt. Humphrey Bate, amongst the dead, himself amongst the stricken.

But enough of war. Apart from the nobleness of sacrifice and the greatness of soul which the trials of war stimulated and brought forth, and, apart from the removal of the cause of strife, the best thing about the great conflict is that it is over and that it will come no more; but the brave and true of each side will be cherished as a people's legacy, adding luster to the American name.

When surrender came at Bentonville in 1865 BATE rode to the remnant of his old division, which stood in line, dismounted, hobbled on his crutches to his old brigade and regiment, and, when the order to stack arms was given for the last time, he stood amongst those with whom he had been a private soldier, and from them departed as a private citizen once more.

Napoleon taught that the officer must take his place with his soldiers in surrender, as in the battle. It needed no Napoleon to tell that to BATE. It is the instinct of such brave and honest spirits as was his.

Now again he was at the bottom of the ladder, and again his ascent began. For seventeen years he sedulously practiced his profession, and rose to high rank and large practice. In 1875 he came within one vote of being elected a Senator of the United States, and by the change of a single vote Andrew Johnson was chosen.

In 1876 he was an elector at large on the Tilden ticket, and for a second time he bore the Democratic banner on the Federal field. In 1882 he became Governor of Tennessee, and was a second time chosen. In 1887 he entered the United States Senate. His services here were diligent, constant, and unremitting. The greater part of a Senator's work makes little noise and gets little notice. In the committee room and in council with colleagues is worked out, for the most part, the legislation of the country. It is rare that a speech controls the action of this body. The wise suggestion at the proper time makes no record. The careful and precise study of details may become as potent as the underground wire that lights a city or that drives its engines and trains, but the eye gets no picture of it. But his services here were by no means confined to mere detail. He is regarded as practically the author of the Weather Bureau and the Signal Service in their present organization. He was the author of the bill which ended the supervision of elections by the Federal Government, and his hand was seen and his influence felt in many of the good works which emanated from the committees on which he served and have passed into legislation. Though not a frequent speaker, he possessed ability and eloquence which were exemplified on pertinent occasions.

Those who served with him for years in the Senate will never forget the great fight he made to prevent the removal of the Jackson statue from what is known as Lafayette square. His opposition to its removal was successful, although preparation had already been made and in part completed to take away the equestrian statue of Jackson and put it on the corner of the square, instead of letting it stay as the centerpiece. No corner for Jackson, but the chief place, said BATE. So, on the center of the square in front of the White House Old Hickory still rides erect his prancing steed, and because he had a champion of the stuff whereof he—the hero of New Orleans—was made.

The combination of intelligence, sagacity, and courage, commingled with the many virtues that go to make up the gentleman, the soldier, and the good citizen, came together in force of character in WILLIAM B. BATE and made him a foremost man. His heart was loyalty itself. He adhered to principles wherever they carried him. He would not compromise a creed nor give to expediency what belonged to conviction.

He respected the opinions of others and treated all with courtesy; and the courtesy which he freely bestowed he in turn exacted.

He seemed old-fashioned in his strict adherence to the ideals of his teachings and his convictions, and the light and frivolous sometimes attributed to the stubbornness of his nature what was in truth only the clearness and tenacity of his faith.

He was a man of simplicity and devoid of ostentation. He never spoke just to be heard of men, but only to carry to them a message which went forth from his heart and mind. Many of his speeches were notable for their careful and well-considered views and for the clearness and power with which they were uttered.

On festival and on memorial occasions, especially upon those that commemorated noble characters and great deeds, Senator BATE was frequently the welcome orator, and his addresses were marked by those truthful historical allusions, those worthy reflections, and those beauties of poesy and eloquence that gave instruction in the most attractive and pleasing garb of expression.

I can not take my seat, Mr. President, without adverting to the happy domestic life of Senator BATE. Fifty-one years ago he married Miss Peete, of Huntsville, Ala. Their union was blessed with children—all daughters—two of whom survive. His home was not only his castle; it was his temple, and those nearest and dearest to him were his constant thought.

On one occasion, when on some public ceremonial a compliment was paid to Mrs. Bate, who had been his helpmate and companion for many years, the Senator recognized it and thus respected it:

I thank you—

He said to those who had paid this tribute to her he loved best—

I thank you for this compliment to my wife, and I challenge any man to have a better right to feel more kindly and lovingly to the beautiful and charming women of Alabama than I do. You will pardon the personality when I say that in the long ago—and it seems to me but yesterday—it was in the beautiful little city of Huntsville, Ala., nestling at the foot of Monte Sano, overlooking a valley that smiled with delight, that I was given, under a wreath of orange blossoms, one of the loveliest of all the sweet girl flowers that grew and bloomed in that refined and cultivated social garden. She has been for more than forty years my companion and comfort—through war and peace, through weal and woe, through good and evil fortune—and although she has gone into motherhood and grandmotherhood still she is my cheerful companion and my faithful comforter. So I feel that I can challenge with impunity the right of any man who was not born under Alabama's ægis and who does not live on Alabama soil to feel nearer and dearer to Alabama than I.

There is an ancient adage which says "every man is the child of his own works." So, obviously, was WILLIAM BRIMAGE BATE. He was a matter-of-fact man, and he built himself from the ground. He dreamed no dreams of frenzied fancy; he saw no visions; he owned no castles in Spain, and took no stock in Utopia. Nevertheless, the spirit of poesy and the charm of romance were in his heart, and there, too, was the fountain of that natural eloquence which flowed forth when the true spring was touched.

There was nothing dim and there was nothing doubtful about him. He stood foursquare to all the winds that blew. His people looked upon his works, and they saw that they were good. They felt the beat of his strong, true heart and the warm grasp of his honest hand. They knew him, and their constancy was but the reflected image of his own constancy to them.

I had the honor to be among those who bore his body back to Nashville, and stood and saw it laid in his native soil. The vast outpouring of the people was impressive. But nothing was more impressive than the gray line of his old Confederate comrades that followed his hearse and fired the last salute over his grave. Some of them were yet sturdy and strong, some wrinkled and haggard with life's accumulated burdens, some as gray haired as the coats they wore. But all of them were of one mind of approval and of one heart in the spirit of love for the dead hero who rode in their front in battle and in their front at the last received the bolt of fate. There we laid him in the dust at the bottom of life's ladder. There he rests in the abiding honor and affection of the people of Tennessee. Nor will Tennessee alone remember him. He served the whole American people as a worthy Senator and as a patriotic citizen.

He who considers his history, sees he not also another ladder rising in the vision of immortality, its foot resting on the earth, its summit disappearing from mortal ken in the heavens?

Address of Mr. Nelson, of Minnesota

Mr. President: While the thirteen colonies were struggling to secure their independence from Great Britain, there was a small band of determined and hardy frontiersmen of the Carolinas and Virginia who pressed westward over the spurs of the Allegheny Mountains into the valleys of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Ohio, and wrested the same from the cruel, crafty, and indolent savages who roamed through the wilderness, a terror and a menace to the settlers on the frontier. These frontiersmen wrought their impress upon the Revolutionary struggle, directly and at a most critical time, at Kings Mountain, and indirectly by repressing to a large extent throughout the unequal struggle the bloody aggressions of the savage allies of Great Britain. But the greatest result of their task was this: That at the conclusion of the war they furnished the colonies the basis and ground for claiming and acquiring that fertile and vast expanse of country between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi River. And thus the heroic struggles of these brave men inured in the fullest sense to the great advantage and glory of the entire nation.

These men were preeminently, both intuitively and by training, a race of warriors and State builders. What they conquered and subdued with the rifle and the ax, they knew how to organize, maintain, and govern conformable to the principles of free government.

From the very loins of this race, as its best type and possessed of all the virile courage and vigor of it, came Senator Bate, our coworker and associate for many years in this body. He died in the seventy-ninth year of his age, at peace with all the world,

after a most eventful and fruitful life such as falls to the lot of but few men. He was a veteran in the public service and had been a veteran in both war and peace. I can not enter into the details of his long life and varied career. Those who stand nearer to him than I are better qualified for this task. I can only give my impression of him as I saw him, heard him, and knew him.

He was one of the bravest men that ever lived. This he attested on many a bloody field of battle and in many a civic strife and controversy, but his bravery was of the higher order, a moral and intellectual bravery, based on principle and conviction, and not of the grosser kind, the mere bravery of the bully. He was always brave in the performance and execution of what he conceived to be his duty, of what he deemed right and just, never evading or shirking a burden or responsibility, never faltering, however great the odds. But he was a gladiator of the noblest type, scorning to take a mean or underhanded advantage of his adversaries, manly and forbearing at all times and under all circumstances. He had no patience for shams or mere glamor of any kind; he could always distinguish, in man or measure, the counterfeit, however much embellished, from the real and substantial. He had no tolerance for the former, but was always ready and swift to embrace the latter. Like all brave men of the higher type, he was gentle, kind, and sympathetic in all spheres and walks of life and in all the varied and trying affairs of life. That air of arrogant loftiness and supreme self-sufficiency which tokens the vain, the blood or the purse-proud man, was utterly foreign to his nature and make-up. He gauged men at their real measure and worth, and on that level he was always ready to meet them. There never was a more modest man than he in military or civic life. What he wrought on the bloody fields of battle or in the realm

of the civil service of his State and country he left others to tell and extol. He preferred to be measured by his deeds rather than by his words. Men of action are, as a rule, brief and modest in speech, and are content with results rather than mere praise.

As a member of this body he was one of its most useful members, faithful in attendance, both in session and in committee. He never shirked, but was always ready to bear his full share of the drudgery of legislation—that drudgery so essential but often little noted by the public at large. He did not belong to that school of legislators who are content and feel that they have done their whole duty if they deliver one or two set speeches during the session. While he was not a prolific debater, yet he never abstained from discussing a measure of importance that he felt called upon to support or oppose, and his discussion was always instructive, clear, and to the merits. He never spoke for the mere sake of speaking—for mere oratorical display. He was always in earnest, and when he spoke he spoke to pass or defeat a measure. He never supported or opposed a measure for the mere purpose of courting popularity. His attitude was governed by what he conceived to be right and just in the premises. In other words, it was always a matter of principle with him.

His environment and training had been such that on all constitutional questions he belonged to the so-called "school of strict constructionists"—strict in measuring the rights of the Federal Government, but liberal in measuring the rights of the States. And in this he was the child of his age, his State, and his surroundings. Our system of government is such that from the very beginning it bred and evoked two schools of constitutional construction, the one tending to fortify the Federal and the other to fortify the State power. And whatever

else may be said on the subject, all fair-minded men, I think, will concede that the one school is a valuable check and restraint upon the exuberance of the other, and that between the contentions of the two the people, who have given their power of attorney to the Federal Government for national and Federal purposes and to the State government for local and State purposes, will ultimately secure and maintain that equilibrium of double power and double purpose which is the mainspring and the glory of our wonderful Federal system.

Senator BATE died faithful and loyal to our flag and to the best interests of our country. Its welfare was foremost and uppermost in his love and affection. He was one of its brave, faithful, and trusty legislative sentinels, on duty when he passed away. His countersign in his last moments was "the Union now and forever." Tennessee never had a more honest, more faithful, and more zealous representative in the United States Senate, and we, his colleagues, had in him a Senator who was always on duty, always at the laboring oar. His task and his mission on earth are ended. He did not live in vain; he wrought much for the good of our country and for the cause of our common humanity. He was a Senator of the United States in the fullest sense of the term, and the recording angel will enter him as a brave, upright, and faithful man, and as a public servant who bore the burdens of life fearlessly and heroically to the last.

Address of Mr. McEnery, of Louisiana

Mr. President: William Brimage Bate's career was eventful. His strong personality gave evidence of conflict and victories. It was stamped in every lineament of his face and expressed itself in his every motion. He was not born to remain an idle spectator amidst stirring events nor to participate in them merely content with duties simply performed, but to be the controlling spirit and leader. As a boy he was on the Mississippi River, and caught inspiration from that mighty stream. The rough experience of life on that river has educated hardy, strong men, with strong intellects, indomitable will and courage, making a perfect type of true and vigorous manhood. Leaving this river, with its strong impressions upon him, he became the boy hero of the Mexican war. This experience carried him to the Tennessee legislature in young manhood, where he was distinguished. Hardly stopping for rest or recreation, he entered upon the practice of the law, mastered this intricate science, and soon became eminent, and was elected attorney-general of the Nashville district, in which office he served six years. During his incumbency of this office he was nominated for Congress, but declined this high honor. His entry into politics was brilliant, but was stopped for the moment by the civil war. But his activity did not cease.

With his experience in war and civil life and the high position he occupied, he would have been justified in demanding high military rank, but, having self-confidence and measuring his ability, he knew that opportunity alone was wanting for advancement. Therefore he entered the Confederate army as

a private, but rapidly ascended to captain, colonel, brigadier and major general. He literally fought his way to supremacy. He was always to the front and three times dangerously wounded while in the lead. What a record for a soldier! What nation would not be proud of such and crown him with all the honors it could bestow!

Here he could have rested, having achieved all the fame and glory to satisfy the most ambitious. But his ambition was associated with duty to his unfortunate countrymen. He still fought for their deliverance from an infamous, hell-born despotism and again became active in political life. His people appreciated his unselfish patriotism and the sacrifice made in their behalf, and twice placed him in the executive office of his State. He made a great governor, ranking among the best, and his efforts were untiring to reduce taxation and to give the people a clean and economical administration. He succeeded and was rewarded by a seat in this honorable body. His history here is well known, and laws enacted during his several terms in the Senate bear the impress of his genius. Those who served with him know his ability, the grandeur of his character, and the services he rendered to the nation.

Worst to be endured than all that he had yet encountered was the tyranny and fetters fastened upon him and his people after the cessation of hostilities between the States, the being buried while yet alive, to the sad condition of his people. He fought and battled for right while thus fettered and buried. He used every energy of his being to cast aside the trammels and to burst from the cerements of that tomb and take his place in the van of his countrymen, struggling for liberty—aye, for life itself. He carried them on in accelerated progress, in improvement in government, and in material things, which prostrated to the dust the puny obstacles of legislative, judicial, and executive tyranny.

It can safely be asserted that no conditions such as followed the close of the civil war can ever be renewed in this country. Bad men, vicious men, can no longer obtain sway over a people ignorant and easily led by interested advisers acting for their own selfish ends. That terrible departure from justice which marked the period of reconstruction has taught a lesson that it is unsafe to depart from the sacred rule of civil polity not to bestow power where there is no effective and individual responsibility.

His great energy and ability when thus freed strove to defeat the cunning and sordid plots of monopolists. When he thus entered political life he was free, no longer the slave of a fanatical party, no longer at the mercy of designing and intriguing politicians who planned and plotted for the disfranchisement of honest and brave men of the South. He had attained that position, and, on this vantage ground, after his entrance into the Senate he struggled for honest government, a government not of promises but of actual accomplishments. He rejoiced in the prospect of good government, in the progress of trade, of private and political virtue, and the attainment of national prosperity in the restoration of the people's rights. In peace he won laurels more imperishable than those which crowned him in war. His achievements here and his fame belong to the nation. He did well and nobly his appointed task in life, and he now rests from his labors and sleeps under the simple but not inglorious epitaph commemorating "One in whom mankind lost a friend and no man got rid of an enemy."

He had no irritability of temper and was not impatient of contradiction, but on subjects he had mastered and on which he held strong opinions he was tenacious. He comprehended all subjects of legislation and had the rare faculty of mastering all details and combining them with general views of the whole

subject-matter, thus availing himself of all that speculation presents and experience affords to correct the results of general reasoning.

His orations were clear and logical, eloquent and classical: "The first creditor of every people is the plow, and upon the furrows which it turns reposes the great mass of national wealth." Such sentences of classical inspiration are frequently met in his addresses. His physique was strong and vigorous, enabling him to endure the severest strains of mental labor. His faculties were strong and coordinate, enabling him to concentrate them with force and vigor to accomplish his purposes. With such physical, moral, and intellectual force he readily achieved the highest distinction as jurist, soldier, and statesman. To follow him in all his efforts in acquiring the highest honors would be to review the jurisprudence of his State and the history of the battles of two wars and the conflict for political mastery in Tennessee. In all this conflict and endeavor his was the master mind. He pressed forward to success and victory with character unsullied and not a voice raised in detraction. His achievements were in a State which in every crisis of her history developed great men, whether in the forum or in the field. To meet and to successfully compete with such men great qualities in manhood and intellect were required.

His character was a grand one in its integrity, its honesty, and its purity. He had a lofty disdain for all that was low and mean. There was no shadow of fanaticism to cloud his character or to disturb his judgment. He was in public and in private life a person of the purest morals, and his indignation was aroused by profligacy or groveling baseness. His nature was kind and affectionate and true, and there was never a more steady or sincerer friend.

He had approached the evening of life. For him the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, and the shadows were gathering fast around him. They enveloped him in final embrace, it may be said, in this Chamber, and when the light went out it was amid the scenes of his labors and in the last discharge of duty.

Address of Mr. Clark, of Montana

Mr. President: To have been requested by the near friends of the late Senator Bate to say a few words on this occasion is a privilege and honor which I deeply appreciate.

It was my good fortune for several years before his demise to be seated next to him in this Chamber and to exchange with him the glad morning greetings which his kindly heart always prompted. We had frequent conversations and discussed freely the various pending questions of importance with which the Senate was occupied from time to time; and oftentimes, although not inclined to be communicative as to himself, I drew from him many very interesting reminiscences of his eventful life.

No member of this body was more punctual in attendance than he. Nothing but the most serious illness of himself or family prevented his presence here, and uniformly in time for the prayers of the Chaplain, for which he manifested the greatest reverence and respect. I am glad to acknowledge my deep sense of obligation and gratitude to him for wise counsel and advice always cheerfully given, and, above all, for his kindly acts and words, which so deeply endeared me toward him.

The fatal illness which carried him away so suddenly was contracted on the platform at the east front of the Capitol, where he participated in the inaugural ceremonies of the President. So violent was the attack that ended this noble life that outside of his family and intimate friends few people were aware of his illness until the sad news of his death was announced. I recall the sad incident where at my own home, at a formal dinner party at which he was to have been the

guest of honor, while waiting for his arrival the first tidings of his serious illness came unexpectedly to all present and cast a gloom upon the festivities of the occasion.

We all recollect the sad and impressive funeral ceremonies which took place in this Chamber. The universal expressions of sorrow from all present denoted the confidence, respect, and love which dwelt in the minds and hearts of all who knew him. He was so unostentatious that it required an intimate knowledge of the man to know and appreciate his noble impulses and sterling qualities. To him anything suggestive of insincerity, duplicity, or mendacity was abominable. Purity of thought and speech was characteristic of his daily intercourse with his fellow-men. He led the life of a Christian, in all respects correct and consistent, and in his social life he was most genial, companionable, and hospitable. He was never so happy as when surrounded by his family and intimate friends; he and his charming wife, whom all who know her respect and love, dispensed so royally the well-known hospitality of their home.

In the committees on which he served he was distinguished for prompt attendance and diligent study of all the questions presented for consideration and intelligent discussion of the same. His fearless defense and advocacy of what he conceived to be right, his unflinching integrity of purpose and action, were known to all with whom he came in contact. In his advocacy of any question and presentation of argument he was always clear and forceful. As minority leader in opposition to the bill pending for the joint statehood of Arizona and New Mexico he made a remarkable record, which clearly established his ability to cope with the most adroit masters of parliamentary practice. His speech in that memorable contest was a masterful effort, and its peroration, brilliant and patriotic, was

accorded the highest acclamation and praise. The defeat of the measure, largely due to his able efforts, was one of the greatest triumphs in his political life.

In review of the wonderful achievements of the great character whose memory we revere and honor to-day we are carried back to the events embracing a period of nearly half a century, when he took an active part in the thrilling events of the civil war. This was not his first military experience. When only a boy, acting as a clerk on a steamboat, he enlisted in a Louisiana company and served with distinction in the war with Mexico, where, for gallant service, he was promoted to a lieutenancy. Upon the close of the war he returned to Tennessee and embarked first in the field of journalism, then studied law and entered the political arena, and the day following the firing on Fort Sumter found him enlisting as a private in Company I, Second Tennessee Infantry. I leave to others more familiar with his life and more capable of eloquently describing his military career that interesting and delightful theme. His rapid rise and promotion for gallantry and bravery from a private to a major-generalship; the story of his almost constant engagement in battle throughout the entire period of the war; his frequent wounds and narrow escapes, having had three horses killed under him in one battle; his persistence in fighting when physically disabled; his reluctance to yield at last when the cause so dear to his heart was absolutely hopeless—all comprise a record of Spartan valor and heroism that is unsurpassed, if not unparalleled, in the world's most famous contests, and can not fail to elicit the most profound admiration of all who will read it.

The people of his State recognized his ability, his patriotism and devotion to their interests, and honored him twice with an election as chief executive of the State, and four times they

honored him with election to the United States Senate. All these honors were richly deserved, and the State of Tennessee proudly and gratefully bestowed them in recognition of the splendid achievements and valorous service of her noble son, WILLIAM BRIMAGE BATE, the loyal citizen, the brilliant soldier, the honored statesman.

Address of Mr. Spooner, of Wisconsin

Mr. President: I dread to mar, as I know I shall by unstudied speech, the uniform beauty and appropriateness of the addresses which have been delivered here in tribute to the memory of Senator Bate. But I dread more, Mr. President, the inference which might be drawn from my silence that I am indifferent to the memory of one for whom I had profound respect and sincere friendship.

I served long with Senator Bate. I came to know him well and greatly to esteem him as the possessor of all the essential qualities of genuine manhood. I have heard more in detail today of his career than I had known. Nothing which has been said here of his surpassing devotion and gallantry on fields of battle has surprised me. From my knowledge of him he could not have been better called by any other name than "The Indomitable Bate."

I never knew a man, Mr. President, with a finer sense of fealty to the demands of duty, great and small, than characterized Senator Bate. He was not only of exceptional physical courage, but of exceptional intrepidity of soul. Brusque sometimes, sturdy, strong fibered, educated in a school of life which develops strength of character and manhood, he possessed with all his strength and firmness and bluntness not only courtesy—the courtesy of the gentleman of the old school, to use a phrase which means much, for there is no finer gentleman in the world than the gentleman of the old school—but he was withal a man of great tenderness, as all manly men are.

> The bravest are the tenderest.
> The loving are the daring.

His sympathies were easily aroused, and no man resented more instantly and with greater spirit the perpetration of a wrong upon man, woman, or child than did he.

If I were to name the element in him which more than all things else impressed me, it was an ever-present sense of duty. It is impossible to conceive of the slightest conscious failure in the performance of any duty, public, private, or social, in Senator BATE'S life.

Mr. President, he loved with inexpressible strength the Commonwealth of Tennessee and her people. He had been brought up in a school of thought and in an environment entirely different in many ways from that in which my youth and early manhood were cast. Not unnaturally he belonged to a school which construed the Constitution so as to enlarge the rights of the States and to minimize what I thought were the powers and rights of the General Government. He was not to be criticised by me for that, nor would he criticise me for that, for I never met a man more tolerant of honest differences of opinion, tolerant of weakness in friend and in foe, but tolerant never of meanness and littleness in any one. He offered his life—and that is the most that any man can offer—many times for a cause in which he believed and in which I did not believe.

But, Mr. President, with all his strength of comradeship and of associations, with his firmness of conviction, apologizing for nothing, repenting of nothing, when he, standing at that desk, took the oath of a Senator, no man who ever has taken it and no man who ever will take it, can take it with a stronger, holier purpose to serve in every way to his uttermost the Government of the United States than did he.

He was utterly indifferent to his own comfort, sometimes indifferent to his own health and safety, in the discharge of duties relatively trifling as a Senator, because they were duties,

and he regarded no duty as trifling. He did not look, with all his splendid career behind him, upon the National Government from any standpoint of restriction in power other than that which he found and which many of us find in the Constitution, which he had sworn to support.

Mr. President, he stood for the rights of the States; he stood for the rights of the National Government. He stood for larger powers in the National Government than he would have done thirty years ago, as I now stand stronger for the rights of the States than I would have done thirty years ago. He knew that the National Government was created by the States; that every power which it possesses was surrendered by the States; that it possesses none except those which expressly or by implication were surrendered by the States, and that all the powers which the States did not surrender the States withheld and still possess.

He could not, without being a great man, Mr. President, have carved out for himself the career which he did in professional, in military, and in public life—a career which won him the love and admiration of his State and of the South and the unfeigned respect and regard of the people of the North. I have never allowed this aisle—nor do any of us in the discharge of public duty or in judgment of each other—to exist; and I heard the news of the illness and death of Senator BATE with the keenest sorrow.

Mr. President, this may be said of him, that when he breathed his last—and happily, he was spared a lingering illness—there followed him to his home in Tennessee the respect and affectionate regard of every member of the Senate, and the respect which all thoughtful people everywhere cherish for an honest, sincere, manly man, who had discharged to the full his duty in every relation of life.

Address of Mr. Perkins, of California

Mr. President: In the Senate of the United States the true value of a man is soon ascertained. Not only is a Member revealed to his associates, but often, I have no doubt, to himself. Many a Senator, I am sure, has here found that he possessed abilities and powers that he had only half recognized, and perhaps some of those qualities on which he had prided himself were found to be but weak tools for the work that had to be done here. Whatever there is in a man is here called into play, and he is judged through what he is shown to be, not through what his partial admirers may think he is. The character which is attributed to a Senator who has served a term, or nearly a term, represents the man himself as far as it is possible for associates to truthfully portray the character of those whom they know best.

Senator Bate was one who lost nothing by reason of the involuntary scrutiny to which all of us and all of our acts are here subjected. The noble qualities of mind and heart which were here shown compelled the most sincere respect; and the confidence which was reposed in his absolute honesty and unselfishness was strengthened as the years of his service increased in number. By his colleagues on both sides of this Chamber he was recognized as representing the very highest type of public man.

Senator Bate came from that part of our country where loyalty and personal honor are deservedly emphasized as the two highest virtues of man, public or private. Whatever views he might hold, whatever cause he might espouse, it was recognized that his position was taken as the result of

impartial consideration and unselfish thought, and though others might not at all times agree with him, no one could raise a question as to his honesty, his conscientiousness, or his integrity of purpose. His entire career is evidence of the simplicity and truth of his noble character. In two wars he exposed his life from the sense of hightest duty to his people; and his many wounds received on the battlefield proved his energy and unshrinking courage in following the path to which that duty pointed.

Brave men in all parts of our country recognize and honor bravery wherever found, and to no one should such honor be more sincerely given than to Senator BATE.

Senator BATE was of that sturdy stock which carried the Revolutionary war to a victorious issue. There was inbred in him that quality of indomitable courage, that spirit of freedom, that determination to maintain at any cost whatever he believed to be right, which was the strength of the armies which fought under Washington and which won for us political liberty. It was this stock which gave to the people west of the Cumberland Mountains the characteristic virtues which they possess to-day. Senator BATE possessed them all in a marked degree; and they compelled him early to attain, and in all his later life to maintain, a leading position in the State which he made his home, whose people had so honored him again and again by electing him as their representative in the highest legislative body in the land.

His public spirit forced him into politics while he was yet young, and until his death he was more or less in public life. Fortunate is he who in so long and active a career can create such a record for unselfish devotion to the public welfare. For many years one of the most prominent and most trusted leaders of his party in Tennessee, he at last became governor, which

office he administered for two terms to the lasting benefit of his State and with honor and credit to himself. From the governor's chair he came to the United States Senate, and here he found the opportunity to round out a most useful and honorable life. His honesty, courage, and ability were at once recognized, and he became one of the members of this body who had to be reckoned with on all important occasions. Vigilant and active, no matter of moment escaped him.

As chairman of the great Committee on Military Affairs he evinced a breadth of view and grasp of detail that showed him to be one of the most efficient of legislators. And on other important committees of which he was a member his influence was felt as a force. In all public questions it was the greatest good to the greatest number at which he aimed, and to him we owe some of our most useful legislation. The Department of Agriculture, as at present constituted, is due principally to his efforts, and it was through him that the Weather Bureau was transferred from the War Department to the Department of Agriculture and divorced from the Signal Service, which has enabled its development to be effected until it has attained its present high state of efficiency. It was through his efforts that the so-called "force bill" was defeated, and in the debates on that measure, against which the whole strength of his manhood protested, Senator BATE delivered some of the strongest and most eloquent speeches ever heard in this Chamber. It was through him, also, that all laws providing for Federal supervision of elections were repealed, thus restoring to the people he loved so well the status from lack of which they had so long suffered. This great work was of incalculable benefit to our entire country, for through its means sectionalism was destroyed and the United States became at last and in fact one and indivisible. No service could be greater than this.

On an occasion similar to this Senator BATE said here, in reference to a deceased colleague:

> In our civil war citizens of the same Commonwealth were impelled by that first and supreme necessity that is not chosen, but chooses; which is paramount to all deliberation and admits of no discussion and demands no evidence. They were forced into conflict by the operation of principles they did not originate and by circumstances over which they had no control. And now, since both sides, from their respective standpoints, believed they were in the right, let us on occasions like this, in this national forum, common in representation of all sections and all parties, bring wreaths to the "bivouac of the dead" without stopping to discuss the resolutions of '98 or the conditions which they created, or the wisdom or folly which inspired on the other side the spirit of fanaticism. Be our politics what they may, let us all honor the brave and heroic sons of all the States as models and exemplars of American character; and, since "grim visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front," let us honor those who were heroes in the strife with true American patriotism and pride.

We and the entire country can not only honor him who was a "hero in the strife" for his manliness, devotion, and heroism, but we can and do honor him with true American pride for the devotion and patriotism he has shown in this Chamber and for the example he has here set for all who love their country.

I was honored, Mr. President, by his personal friendship and received great benefit from his wise counsel. I owe him a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid. So, in this tribute to his memory, I may well say that he has left us a splendid legacy, and if we profit by his example we shall all be better men and better citizens of this now happy and united country.

Throughout his long life Senator BATE demonstrated that his ambition was the highest that can actuate man—an ambition to do his full duty as he understood it, not only to those immediately surrounding him but to all mankind. In this no thought of self appeared, and personal advantage, position, or the acquisition of wealth had no place in his scheme of life. When he died he left no great fortune to his bereaved widow

and his children, but he did leave them what is of far greater value—an untarnished reputation; and I am sure that the members of his family in Tennessee and California—for some of them reside there—will guard and cherish this priceless legacy. In his case it is most clearly shown that a good name is better than great riches; and that can be bequeathed to his descendants by every man who will accept the precepts and follow the example of General BATE, the soldier and the statesman. As has been so well said of another who died upon the field of duty, we can say in memory of our departed colleague and friend:

When a star is quenched on high,
For ages will its light
Still travel downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the path of men.

Address of Mr. Frazier, of Tennessee

Mr. President: The Senate of the United States has paused to-day in the discharge of its high and responsible duties to the people of this great nation to pay fitting and deserved tribute to the memory and character of a distinguished son of Tennessee.

Mr. President, in this mercenary age, when the minds of men seem to be so deeply absorbed in the problem of how money may be gotten and riches acquired, it is a relief and a solace to be able to study the character and honor the memory of one who devoted a long life of unceasing labor and unwavering fidelity to the service of the people.

William B. Bate, late a Senator of the United States, representing in this Chamber the State of Tennessee, was born October 7, 1826, in Sumner County of that State. He died in the city of Washington on March 9, 1905, thus lacking only a few months of having reached the ripe old age of fourscore years.

For more than half a century the name of William B. Bate has been familiar to every household in Tennessee, and in all his long and eventful career his influence has been potent for good. Few of the sons of Tennessee—and the State has been fruitful and rich in great men—have so universally commanded the respect and confidence of all the people as Senator Bate. Even his political enemies accorded him the just meed of praise due to the highest integrity, honesty of purpose, and purity of life. The people of Tennessee honored him as they have honored few of its citizens. He served the State long and faithfully. Once a member of

the legislature, once attorney-general of his district, a soldier in the Mexican war, and again for four years a soldier in the civil war, twice Presidential elector, twice governor, and four times in succession elected to the Senate of the United States.

Every honor which the people of Tennessee had to bestow they freely gave to him, and his fidelity to each and every trust but proved that their confidence was not misplaced.

He died at his post of duty just as he was entering upon his fourth term in the Senate. Others may have served the State longer in some particular place; others may have made greater impress in certain fields of endeavor, but few have served the State in more ways and none with greater fidelity than Senator WILLIAM B. BATE.

He sprang from the body of the common people. Like so many others in the American Republic who have acheived fame and won renown, he had no noble ancestry to boast of, but he had that which in this land of equality of opportunity was far better—he had a sound body, robust intellect, the highest courage, rugged honesty, and a worthy ambition to serve his fellowmen.

His birthplace was in the rich, beautiful, and fertile basin of middle Tennessee, and in sight of the old fort overlooking "Bledsoe's Lick," famous in the early settlement of the State as the scene of many fierce and bloody encounters between the red men and the daring pioneers, who braved the dangers of an unexplored wilderness and the savage foe to carry the vanguard of civilization across the Cumberland Mountains on its westward course and plant it on the tributaries of the Mississippi River.

Senator BATE sprang from that sturdy stock of virtuous and liberty-loving people, whose restless and adventurous spirit led them to seek a home in the wilderness.

They came armed with the rifle, the axe, and the Bible, sustained by a brave and self-reliant manhood. They came to clear the forest, to plant the field, to build homes, and lay the foundations of orderly government. They came determined to carve out of the wilderness, by the strength of their own right arms and brave hearts, an abiding place and to erect for themselves and their posterity a commonwealth, in which there should be guaranteed to all, to high and low alike, freedom of the person, freedom of religion, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press.

They were brave, hardy, and adventurous, but they believed in individual freedom. They believed in themselves and they believed in God. They had the American genius for state making. They were prominent as commonwealth builders.

From such an ancestry Senator BATE inherited and early imbibed that toughness of moral fiber and strength of character which, through a long life of public service, no temptation could ever weaken or impair. He was not born with a silver spoon. He had the good fortune of having inherited honest poverty and of being forced, in his youth, to undergo those hardships and privations which are so conducive to the formation of a strong and manly character.

He had the further blessing of having been born and raised on a farm, that fruitful nursery of great men, and to its hardships and struggles can be attributed in no small degree that physical endurance, moral strength, and intellectual force which marked his after life.

For an American boy to have been born and reared on the farm, where, in field and forest and by river, he can study and commune with nature and have stimulated within him a profound reverence for the grandeur of the universe and the divinity of God, is a blessing. To be denied it is a distinct and positive loss.

From the farm, that cradle from which has come so many of the nation's strong and forceful men, he was early forced out into the great world to meet and compete with his fellowmen.

His father died when he was a youth of 15 years of age, and he was left without the help and guidance of his parental care.

His early training was thus left to his widowed mother, and so strong was the imprint of this noble Christian woman impressed upon him that when in after years he decided to openly attach himself to the church, with a sentiment that was as tender as it was beautiful he went back to the old home, sought out and joined the church in which his mother had lived and died, and was baptized in the same crystal stream in which, more than three-quarters of a century before, she had been baptized.

For a few years he continued to work on the farm and at intervals to attend the old field school, with its house built of logs, whose curriculum, though circumscribed by the limited learning of its stern preceptor, was generally enough to sow the seed of knowledge and virtue that in the fullness of time would ripen into strong and vigorous manhood and character.

But the ambitious spirit of this farmer boy chafed under its narrow limitations, and he longed for a wider field of enterprise and endeavor. His first employment after he left the farm and home to go out into the world to meet his fellows in the fierce struggles and competitions of life, in which he was destined to win success and honor and fame, was as a clerk on a steamboat then plying between Nashville and New Orleans. He was in the latter city when war broke out between the United States and Mexico over the young and struggling Republic of Texas. His chivalric soul was fired with the story of that self-exiled Tennessean, Gen. Sam Houston, who had so mysteriously resigned the high office of governor of Ten-

nessee and left his native State to win immortal fame at San Jacinto and found a new republic in the far-distant southwest, and at the heroic devotion and unparalleled courage of another Tennessean, Davy Crockett, whose sacrificial blood at the Alamo was to water the patriotic seed that should grow and ripen into the Lone Star State of Texas.

Burning with a martial spirit, young BATE promptly enlisted in a Louisiana regiment, and was thus the first Tennessean to reach the seat of war on the Mexican border.

He afterwards joined a Tennessee regiment and was made a lieutenant and participated with gallantry and distinction in most of the great battles of that war. He won merited distinction in war before he attained his majority.

At the close of the Mexican war he returned to his home in Sumner County, Tenn., and again began work upon the farm. He soon thereafter established a weekly paper at Gallatin, with the martial title of "The Tenth Legion." That paper was Democratic in politics, and was well and ably edited by its youthful proprietor.

Soon after attaining the age of 21 he became a candidate for the legislature from his native county, and after a spirited contest with older and better-known men he was elected and served the term with credit. In 1850 he determined to adopt the law as his profession. He thereupon sold his paper and entered the law school at Lebanon, Tenn., an institution widely known in the South, and from which many great lawyers of great ability and distinction and many statesmen of renown have graduated. He graduated in 1852, and at once began the practice of law at Gallatin, in his native county. His success was rapid and marked.

In 1854 he was elected attorney-general of the judicial district in which Nashville, the capital of the State, was situated.

He held that office for a full term of six years and declined a reelection which was offered him. He discharged the onerous and trying duties of the office with such marked ability and zeal that his reputation as a sound lawyer and vigorous advocate extended beyond his district and were recognized throughout the State.

In 1860 he was placed upon the Breckinridge and Lane electoral ticket and canvassed his district. By the ability and eloquence displayed in that canvass he came to be recognized by the Democratic party of the State as one of its most zealous and able advocates. With the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency the clouds of civil war began to gather.

By education and training and environment Senator BATE was a strict constructionist of the Constitution. He was a firm believer in the doctrine that a sovereign State, which had voluntarily entered into the Union had a right, when in its judgment the constitutional compact was broken, to peacefully withdraw from the Union.

To him the civil conflict came as the only means of settling what he regarded as a great and fundamental constitutional question. He had no doubts, no misgivings as to the correctness of his position. He believed in the sovereignty of the State and in its necessary resultant, the right of secession, with all his heart, and acting on that belief, and actuated by the purest motives, and moved by the highest and most unselfish devotion to duty and to country as he saw that duty, the day after the first gun of the great fratricidal struggle was fired at Sumter he enlisted as a private in the Confederate service.

He was rapidly promoted to captain and to colonel, and in May, 1861, marched at the head of his regiment to the seat of war in Virginia. He, with his regiment, participated in the battle of Bull Run, where he and his gallant men received their

baptism of fire. In that first great battle of the civil war he displayed that dash and courage that marked his whole military career. In February, 1862, the time of enlistment of himself and his men having expired, he appealed with such fervor to their pride and patriotism and manhood that his entire regiment reenlisted "for the war." His was the first regiment to display such devotion to the cause, and its example was inspiring to the whole army.

So much was this conduct of Colonel BATE and his regiment appreciated by the Confederate authorities at Richmond that they were given a sixty days' furlough, and Colonel BATE was allowed to choose the army with which he would thereafter serve. He selected the Army of Tennessee, then in command of the gallant and gifted Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. In the history of warfare there has seldom been exhibited a more unselfish and heroic devotion to a cause than was displayed by Colonel BATE and his regiment of gallant Tennesseans, when just preceding the great battle of Shiloh, at the call of their colonel, with unexpired furloughs still in their pockets, they met at the appointed place, re-formed, and moved forward to join the army in front on the eve of that noted battle, and were among the first to receive the fire of General Grant's legions at the opening of the battle of Shiloh.

On that memorable field of blood and carnage Colonel BATE had his horse killed under him and was himself severely wounded. In that fearful carnage his brother and two others of his kindred were killed, and still another wounded. So that out of one family there lay upon that bloody field near the old Shiloh Church five members, three dead and two wounded, a scene scarcely paralleled in the annals of warfare.

For gallantry at the battle of Shiloh Colonel BATE was commissioned by President Jefferson Davis brigadier-general.

From Shiloh to Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, north Georgia, around Atlanta, at Franklin and Nashville, in the many great battles fought by the Army of the Tennessee, General BATE was a conspicuous and distinguished figure, at his post of duty even when his unhealed wounds forced him to use his crutches. Always dashing, gallant, and courageous, he won from General Stewart the soubriquet of "The Indomitable BATE."

Through all those four years of suffering and hardships, of dangers and defeats, General BATE never once faltered or wavered; never once lost faith in himself, the courage and fidelity of his men, nor the justness of his cause.

He surrendered the shattered remnant of his division at Bentonville, N. C., only after it was known to all that the cause for which he had so gallantly fought and suffered was lost and further fighting was not only folly, but criminal madness. When the end came, and the Stars and Bars, which he had followed in victory and defeat with such unselfish devotion, was furled for the last time, with a spirit of frank and manly patriotism he accepted as final and conclusive every fair and legitimate result of the war. The issue had been submitted to the stern arbitrament of the sword; the decision had been against him. He accepted the result as a brave soldier and a true patriot should. He made no apologies for the past. He cherished no animosities for the future.

Like hundreds and thousands of others who had worn the gray in that terrible conflict, he said, "Let the dead past bury its dead." Not forgetting the glories and the sacrifices of the past, they turned their faces to the future and laying hold of the new and difficult problems that were pressed upon them they have helped to build here a greater, a richer, and a freer republic in one than could have lived upon this continent if divided into two.

General BATE returned to his home poor, wounded, and limping. He found his State devastated, homes destroyed, industries paralyzed, the labor system on which the South's wealth had depended not only disorganized, but, as a system, utterly destroyed. The slave had been freed, but the black man remained, and with him a problem unparalleled in its difficulties. To reorganize his State and bring it again into harmony with the other States of the Union, to revive old industries and construct new ones, to build up the waste places, to readjust society, and to reorganize labor and adapt it to the new and changed conditions which had come as the war's inevitable consequence were problems which demanded the highest statesmanship and most patient conservatism.

General BATE saw and accepted the situation—the inevitable—and with the truest patriotism addressed himself to the just and peaceful solution of these large and difficult problems. He did his full duty as a citizen to bring peace and order out of chaos. He advised his comrades in arms to turn their faces to the future and to devote their energies to rebuilding their shattered fortunes.

After the surrender in 1865 General BATE resumed the practice of law at Nashville and continued in active and successful practice till 1882, when he was nominated and elected governor of Tennessee. He was again elected in 1884, and served his State in that high office for two full terms with marked distinction and ability. In 1887 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he continued to represent his State by successive elections till the day of his death. He had just entered upon his fourth term when he died. Of his services here I need not speak, as others who served with him and knew and appreciated his honesty and fidelity to duty have done so.

Senator BATE was no ordinary man. When we see him a

poor, fatherless plowboy at 15, with meager educational advantages and no extraneous influences to aid him, by dint of his own laborious efforts and solid worth rise step by step until he became a major-general in the greatest war of modern times, the chief executive of his State, and an honored and respected member in the highest legislative council of the greatest nation of the world, we must confess that there was somewhere in the man some uplifting force that made him great and strong. Where lies the hidden spring, the secret power?

From long and, I confess, a not impartial study of Senator BATE as a man, citizen, soldier, and public official my firm belief is that the key to his character, the mainspring of his success in life, are to be found in his honesty and fidelity.

Senator BATE was an absolutely honest man. He never owed any man a debt that he did not pay. He never took from any man a dollar that he did not believe was justly his. He was not only honest in the narrow commercial sense of fidelity to every financial obligation, but in the higher and broader relations of life. In dealing with his fellow-men, in business, in politics, in every relation of life, he was always frank, straightforward, and honest.

His word was as good as his bond, with security. Direct, resolute, sometimes stern even to abruptness, he created enmities and was often maligned; but no man ever successfully maintained the charge that he failed to meet an obligation or to keep faith with any one of his fellow-men.

Careful, cautious, even slow to make up his mind and incur an obligation or to espouse a cause, when Senator BATE'S word was once given he to whom it was given might go his way in peace, with absolute faith that that word would be made good at any sacrifice. Senator BATE'S fidelity to duty was not less marked than his honesty in dealing and in purpose.

In every walk of life, from musket bearer to division commander, from steamboat clerk to governor's chair and Senator's seat, his fidelity to every trust was stern, unyielding, Spartan. From the path of duty as he saw it, from fidelity to those who trusted him, no threat or danger could drive him, no temptation could allure him. He stood always firm and uncompromising for the right, as his faith and his conscience pointed the way.

Faith in himself and the justness and purity of his motives and fidelity to obligations and to duty made him strong and forceful in the accomplishment of his purposes. He was as faithful to principle as to personal obligation. He deserted no cause which he had espoused. He compromised no principle in which he believed. Convinced that the States had a right under the Constitution to secede, and that they had sufficient cause to justify the act, he unhesitatingly bared his bosom and risked his life and was ready to sacrifice his all for the maintenance of that principle. A Democrat and a strict constructionist of the Constitution on principle, no question of personal gain or popularity or of party exigency ever caused him to waver in his fidelty to that principle. He believed his construction of the Constitution was right, and from it he never swerved. He never wavered in his fidelity to truth as he saw it, to duty as it was given to him to understand it, to the Constitution ashe interpreted it.

He had faith in and a deep-seated love for our form of government. He had faith in the people and never doubted their capacity for self-government. He trusted the people. The people trusted him. There were others to whose brilliancy of speech or boldness of achievement the people may have accorded a higher admiration, but there was none in whose fidelity to duty and honesty of purpose the masses of the people reposed a sublimer faith. Senator BATE was faithful to

every trust. No son of Tennessee ever bowed his head in shame because he was unfaithful to obligation or to duty.

While he was their servant the people went quietly to their fields, to their shops, to their several avocations, knowing that he who bore their high commission in the council of the nation was as faithful to duty as the needle to the pole, as pure in life as the translucent waters that flow through the verdant valleys, and as firm in character as the everlasting mountains of his native State. My father's friend, I can not remember the time when I did not know Senator BATE. I was taught to honor and respect him; his friendship and fidelity made me love him. I sought his counsel. I was guided by his wisdom. His last official act was to dictate and sign a letter to me on the day before his death. It was the last time he ever signed his name, and so firmly was his hand held in the grip of death that the name is scarcely legible. It related to the disposition of the Confederate flags, ordered returned to the States by a resolution of Congress, about which, as governor, I had asked his advice—the old, tattered banners, only representing a lost cause, a sentiment, if you please; but to him, even in his hour of dissolution, it was the Cross of St. Andrew, under whose stainless folds he had charged to victory and to glory.

Mr. President, the upright citizen, the pure patriot, Senator WILLIAM B BATE, whose long and eventful life was devoted to his country's welfare, was faithful to the end. He died at his post of duty. He sleeps beneath the blue-grass sod of his native State, which he served so long and loved so well. Peace be to his ashes and honor to his memory.

FURTHER ACTION OF THE SENATE.

At the close of his address Mr. FRAZIER said:

Mr. President, I ask for the adoption of the resolution I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The Senator from Tennessee proposes a resolution, which will be read by the Secretary.

The Secretary read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 35 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, January 18, 1907, at 12 o'clock meridian.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

SATURDAY, *December 15, 1906.*

Mr. GAINES of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the order which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Tennessee asks unanimous consent for the present consideration of a resolution, which will be reported by the Clerk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That Sunday, January 20, 1907, at 1 o'clock, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public service of Hon. WILLIAM B. BATE, late a Senator from the State of Tennessee.

The resolution was agreed to.

WEDNESDAY, *January 16, 1907.*

Mr. GAINES of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the House change the hour for holding the memorial service in the memory of the late Senator BATE, from 1 o'clock p. m. next Sunday to 2 o'clock the same day.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

SATURDAY, *January 19, 1907.*

The SPEAKER. Without objection, the gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. Sims] will act as Speaker during the services in memory of the late Senator BATE to be held to-morrow.

There was no objection.

SUNDAY, *January 20, 1907.*

The House met at 2 o'clock p. m., and was called to order by Hon. Thetus W. Sims, of Tennessee, Speaker pro tempore.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Infinite Spirit, Father of all souls, we bless and adore Thy holy name for Thy goodness and for Thy wonderful works to the children of men. Especially do we thank Thee for the pure, the noble, the true, the great men whom Thou hast raised up in every age of the world's history as beacon lights to guide their successive generations onward and upward to higher civilization. We are here to-day to commemorate the life and character of such a man, one who by dint of his devotion to duty rose step by step to eminence and leadership; a soldier brave and valiant in two wars; a student ever seeking truth; a statesman working for the good of his countrymen. We bless Thee for what he did, yet more for what he was. His character will live and be a special guide to those who shall come after him to high living and to noble life. Bless and comfort, we pray Thee, the bereaved, those who mourn his loss. A loving father, a faithful husband, a dutiful son, beautiful in his devotion to his mother, seeking religion at the same altar where she worshiped, baptized in the same stream where she was baptized, living always near to Thee. O God, we pray Thee to comfort the living with the blessed hope that some time, somewhere, they will go to him and dwell forever in his presence. And peans of praise we will ever give to Thee. In Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Mr. GAINES of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, I ask the adoption of the resolutions which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That in pursuance of the special order heretofore adopted, the House proceed to pay tribute to the memory of the Hon. W. B. BATE, late Senator from the State of Tennessee.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished career and his great service to his country as a United States Senator, the House, at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings of this day, shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Mr. HOUSTON. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that those Members who are absent and unable to be present and speak to-day may have leave to print remarks in the Record on the life and character of the late Senator BATE, and those who speak may extend their remarks, if they so desire.

The SPEAKER. Without objection, the request of the gentleman from Tennessee will be agreed to.

There was no objection.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. GAINES, OF TENNESSEE

Mr. SPEAKER: WILLIAM BRIMAGE BATE was born October 7, 1826, near Bledsoe Lick, Castalian Springs, Sumner County, Tenn., and died March 9, 1905, at 6 a. m., in his apartments, Ebbitt House, Washington, D. C., having only a few days before, for the fourth time, taken the oath as Senator from the State of Tennessee.

He received his early education in a school, known then as "Rural Academy," near his birthplace. Between sessions he worked on the farm. His father, James H. Bate, a pioneer, died when this son was about 15 years of age. Of these pioneers Gen. Andrew Jackson says:

> A man who is born and reared amongst this people deserves but little credit for being a soldier and a gentleman, for he can't help it.

Senator BATE was both.

After the death of his father, young BATE continued to work on the farm and attend the country school for about two years, when he sought a wider field of action, and next we hear of him employed as a "second clerk" on the *Saladin*, a boat plying the Cumberland and Mississippi rivers between Nashville, Tenn., and New Orleans. He was thus employed when this boat, in 1846, collided with and sank the *Congress* on the Mississippi River near Washington Point.

When the Mexican war began with the United States, he was in New Orleans, where, May 15, 1846, he joined the

army of his native country to serve six months, which he did, and was "honorably mustered out at New Orleans August 14, 1846, with his regiment and company." The press states that he was the first Tennesseean to reach the scene of hostilities.

On October 2, 1847, at Nashville, Tenn., he reentered the "service, returned to Mexico, did his duty well, and was again honorably mustered out at Memphis, Tenn., July 22, 1848, with his regiment and company."

Desiring to get, if possible, correct information of at least the main features of his military record, my request for this intelligence was promptly honored by the War Department, through its very efficient Military Secretary, as shown by the following correspondence:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
THE MILITARY SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Washington, June 16, 1906.

Hon. JOHN W. GAINES,
House of Representatives.

DEAR SIR: In compliance with the request contained in your letter of the 14th instant, I have the honor to transmit herewith a statement of the military service of the late Senator WILLIAM B. BATE.

Very respectfully,

F. C. AINSWORTH,
The Military Secretary.

STATEMENT OF THE MILITARY SERVICE OF WILLIAM B. BATE, WAR WITH MEXICO.

WILLIAM B. BATE was mustered into the service of the United States at New Orleans, La., May 15, 1846, as a sergeant in Company F, Fourth Louisiana Infantry, to serve six months. The regiment arrived at Brazos Santiago May 26, 1846, and at Lomita, Mexico, June 4, 1846. He was honorably mustered out of service with his company and regiment as a private at New Orleans, La., August 14, 1846.

He reentered the service at Nashville, Tenn., October 2, 1847, as a private in Company I, Third Tennessee Infantry, commanded by Col. Benjamin F. Cheatham, to serve during the war, and was promoted to be first lieutenant of the same company October 8, 1847. He accompanied

his regiment to Mexico, in which country it was stationed at the City of Mexico, Veracruz, Jalappa, Puebla, and Molino del Rey. Returning to the United States, he was honorably mustered out with his company and regiment at Memphis, Tenn., July 22, 1848.

We see, when his country no longer needed his military services, he returned to the civic circle of life and established and edited at Gallatin, Tenn., a weekly newspaper called the "Tenth Legion."

He soon attracted the attention of the people—in fact, throughout his life he was their champion.

When about 23 years old he served one term—1849–50—in the lower house of the Tennessee legislature. His campaign for this office became historic, and is, with pride, often recalled by the old citizens of middle Tennessee. There were nine candidates, but Lieutenant BATE'S main competitor was the late Gen. George Maney, a gentleman of great natural ability, scholarly, and a fluent speaker. They were both young men of great promise, but the young lieutenant was elected.

Concluding his legislative services, he entered the noted Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., from which he graduated in 1852. He formed a partnership with Maj. George W. Winchester, one of Tennessee's most gifted speakers and able lawyers, and began the practice of his profession at Gallatin, Tenn. Two years thereafter he was elected attorney-general for the circuit composed of Davidson, Sumner, and Wilson counties, and served from 1854 to 1860.

While yet attorney-general he was tendered by the Democrats the nomination for Congress, but declined the honor and served his full term, six years, in the office to which he had asked the people to elect him.

While thus engaged he met at the bar many eminent lawyers of middle Tennessee, and particularly at Nashville, Franklin, and Gallatin.

In speaking of his record in this office Col. Baxter Smith, an ex-Confederate soldier and prominent lawyer of Nashville, formerly of Gallatin, who from his boyhood knew General BATE, thus writes me:

> It was characteristic of him to be indefatigable in the preparation of his cases for trial, and with his knowledge of men and his quick perception he was always able to present the State's side of the case in the most favorable attitude. As a result he was able to cope with the most distinguished of lawyers in the many important cases he prosecuted, and he went out of the office having added greatly to his reputation.

General BATE did not pose as, nor was he considered, a great lawyer, but he was a great advocate and a wonderfully successful practitioner. He marshaled the facts of and presented his case, as he did in his public speeches, with great force and effect. Throughout the man's life there was a ring of persuasive sincerity in his voice that caught the ear; there was an appealing sense of justice in his words that touched the hearts of his hearers, whether juries or the people of Tennessee, whom he so often addressed. These charming characteristics and his manly and chivalric mannerism, with the close study that he always gave any subject he discussed, made him a formidable antagonist at the bar, on the hustings, and in the Senate of the United States.

On January 17, 1856, Lieutenant BATE was married to Miss Julia Peete, of Huntsville, Ala., who with their two daughters, Mrs. Susan Bate Childs and Mrs. Mazie Bate Mastin, survive him.

General BATE was an intense Democrat of the Calhoun school. He was often called on to make political speeches in many, if not all, of the stirring campaigns that occurred in Tennessee from his advent in public life, which we see began when he was about twenty and three years of age. He was a candidate in his Congressional district for elector on the

Breckinridge and Lane ticket in 1860. His opponent was Col. E. I. Golliday, of Lebanon, Tenn., one of the most eloquent speakers in the State, who afterwards served as a Member of Congress from the Fourth Congressional district of Tennessee. In this campaign Colonel Smith says: "General BATE acquitted himself as a political speaker with entire satisfaction to his friends."

In 1861, as might have been expected, General BATE cast his fortunes of war with his native State, and was among the first Tennesseans to enlist in the Confederate service, and went to Virginia.

Of his Confederate record, General Ainsworth writes me as follows:

WILLIAM B. BATE was elected colonel of the Second Tennessee Infantry, Provisional Army, May 6, 1861, and was appointed to that position by the President of the Confederate States, to take rank April 27, 1861; was promoted to be brigadier-general, Provisional Army, October 3, 1862, and to major-general, Provisional Army, February 23, 1864.

From May 26, 1861, to July 18, 1861, Colonel BATE and his regiment performed duty at Fredericksburg, Brookes Station, and other points between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, in the military department of Fredericksburg, bearing a part in resisting an attack by Union naval vessels on the Confederate batteries at Aquia Creek June 1, 1861. Of Colonel BATE'S service on this occasion Col. Daniel Ruggles, his superior commander, says:

The conduct of my entire force, under the command of Colonel BATE, of the Walker Legion, until my arrival on the field was admirable th oughout the day."

Another officer, writing from Aquia Creek to the Confederate secretary of war, under date of June 1, 1861, says:

"Colonel BATE has been assigned the command of the brigade here, composed of his own regiment and the Virginia troops present, and is working with a zeal consistent with the energy and enthusiasm of his nature."

The Second Tennessee was on the field of the first battle of Bull Run, fought July 21, 1861, as a part of Brig. Gen. T. H Holmes's brigade, but it did not become actively engaged with the enemy. Soon afterwards the regiment returned to the line of the Potomac and was stationed at Evansport, Va., where it confronted the Union forces, occupying the Maryland

side of the river until February, 1862. About the middle of that month a sufficient number of its members having reenlisted for the war, and thus insured the continuation of the organization beyond its first year's enlistment, Colonel BATE conducted the reenlisted men to Tennessee on a furlough granted until April 1, 1862.

The regiment was reorganized at Corinth, Miss., April 3, 1862, and, under the command of Colonel BATE, participated in the battle of Shiloh, Tenn., April 6, 1862. General Cleburne, the brigade commander, in his official report, refers to the regiment and its commander as follows:

"Here the Second Tennessee, coming up on the left, charged through a murderous cross fire. The gallant major * * * fell mortally wounded, and the colonel, W. B. BATE, had his leg broken by a minie ball. Tennessee can never mourn for a nobler band than fell this day in her Second Regiment."

Under date of November 22, 1862, Gen. Braxton Bragg, commanding the Army of Tennessee, reported to the adjutant and inspector-general, Confederate States army, that "BATE, and * * * are not likely to return to field duty for months." On February 23, 1863, Brigadier-General BATE, then in temporary command of the district of the Tennessee, was assigned to duty with Lieutenant-General Polk's corps and, on March 12, 1863, was placed in command of a brigade in Stewart's division. He subsequently bore a part in the Tullahoma campaign, being engaged in action at Hoovers Gap, Tennessee, June 24–26, 1863. He also participated, as a brigade commander, in the succeeding campaign of Chickamauga. Regarding his services in the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863, General Stewart, the division commander, says:

"I desire to express my high appreciation of Brigadier-Generals Brown, BATE, and Clayton, and of their respective commands. Representing the three States of Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee, they vied with each other in deeds of high and noble daring. The Confederacy has nowhere braver defenders led by more skillful commanders."

He continued to command a brigade in the ensuing Chattanooga-Ringgold campaign until November 19, 1863, on which date, by virtue of seniority of rank, he was placed in command of Breckinridge's division, which he commanded in the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863, and in covering the retreat of the Confederate army therefrom, General Bragg, the army commander, in his official report, says:

"Brigadier-Generals * * * and BATE * * * were distinguished for coolness, gallantry, and successful conduct throughout the engagements and in the rear guard on the retreat."

On February 27, 1864, while at Dalton, Ga., Major-General BATE was regularly assigned to the command of Breckinridge's division, which was thereafter designated as "Bate's division."

In opposing General Sherman's advance on Atlanta; with General Hood's northward movement, culminating in the battles of Franklin and Nashville; and in the campaign of the Carolinas, terminating in the surrender of General Johnston's army at Durham Station, N. C., April 26, 1865, General BATE bore an active part, being wounded in front of Atlanta August 10, 1864. All of the troops of Cheatham's corps engaged in the battle of Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865, were commanded by General BATE. He was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865.

Official statement furnished to Hon. John W. Gaines, House of Representatives, June 16, 1906.

By authority of the Secretary of War:

F. C. AINSWORTH,
The Military Secretary.

Being a mere child during the civil war, I have no personal knowledge of the fortitude and many heroic deeds of General BATE during that conflict, but have the good fortune of being able to present to-day, in pleasing detail, from the pen of another, some of his heroic acts in that unfortunate and bloody struggle.

Dr. William J. McMurray, who was first lieutenant in Company B, Twentieth Tennessee Infantry, often called by General BATE his "Tenth Infantry Legion," in the Nashville American of March 10, 1905, writes most interestingly of the brilliant military career of General BATE. Doctor McMurray, whom I well knew, was himself a brave Confederate soldier, and to his recent death a distinguished physician of Nashville. Doctor McMurray says:

In May, 1861, when the clouds of war began to hang low, General BATE offered his services to the South and joined its forces as a private. He was at once elected captain and then colonel of that famous Second Tennessee Infantry Regiment.

His last[a] great battle was that of Shiloh, where he shared the work of Cleburne's brigade of Hardee's corps on the extreme left of the Confederate lines. Here he bravely led his regiment through a murderous fire, when he fell severely wounded, a minié ball breaking both bones of his

[a] Error, evidently, as article shows he was engaged in several "great battles" after Shiloh fight.

leg and cutting an artery under his knee. His horse was killed at that same time.

His gallantry and that of his regiment was so marked that he was honorably mentioned in the reports of both Generals Cleburne and Hardee, and on October 3, 1862, he was promoted to brigadier-general, and on this spot where he fell his old regiment has erected a monument.

On account of his wound he was put in temporary command of the district of northern Alabama. In February, 1863, he was again assigned to the field and put in command of Raines's brigade of Polk's corps, General Raines having been killed in the battle of Murfreesboro, and in June, 1863, he was removed from this brigade and assigned to a newly formed brigade, composed of the Fifty-eighth Alabama, Thirty-seventh Georgia, Fifteenth, Thirty-seventh, and Twentieth Tennessee regiments, and Caswell's Georgia Battalion, and assigned to the division of the grand old hero, A. P. Stewart, Company B, Twentieth Tennessee Infantry, his Tenth Infantry Legion.

He took part in the Tullahoma campaign with much credit.

At the battle of Hoover's Gap, on June 23, 1863, General BATE, with the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment and the little Georgia battalion, fought for two hours two brigades of Federals, and when other reenforcements came up, which was the remainder of his brigade, General Stewart arriving upon the field about nightfall, found General BATE in command with a flesh wound in his leg, but still on the firing line.

General Rosecrans, in his official report, says this little handful of soldiers under BATE delayed the left wing of his army for thirty-six hours and prevented him from getting possession of Bragg's communications and forcing him to a disastrous battle.

It was about this time that the political parties of Tennessee offered General BATE the nomination for governor of Tennessee, which would take him from the field, but he declined and said he could not accept a civil position while he could serve his people upon the field.

General BATE next took a prominent part in the battle of Chickamauga; he fired the first gun in that historic struggle, on the banks of the river of death, on Friday evening, September 18, driving the Federals from Thedfords Ford, crossing that stream the next morning, and about 2 p. m. went into action as a part of the Confederate reserve. During this first charge of Stewart's division, which was composed of the brigades of Brown, Clayton, and BATE, the Federal right center was broken for the first time, and the enemy was driven back for more than 1 mile down by the Kelly house, on across the Rossville road, down to the tanyard, in the Dyer field, and a glance at the map of that field will show that BATE led his men farther to the front than any other Confederate troops that day.

The next day BATE and his men participated in that death struggle. All day long the battle raged until finally Snodgrass Hill was captured,

and when that great blue mass slid down from the northern slope of Snodgrass Hill the Eufaula battery was attached to BATE'S brigade that had fired the first gun of the battle on Friday evening and fired the last gun on Sunday evening.

In this engagement BATE'S brigade entered the fight with 1,055 muskets and had killed and wounded 607. Every field officer in his brigade was killed or wounded but two or three.

After this battle President Davis followed in the track where BATE and his men fought, and in less than thirty days Brigadier-General BATE, of infantry, was offered a major-general's commission of cavalry. At the battle of Missionary Ridge General BATE commanded Breckinridge's old division just east of the road that led by Bragg's headquarters.

Throughout the Georgia campaign of one hundred days' fight he commanded his division in Hardee's corps. At Resaca he drove back every attempt of the enemy, and at Dallas, Ga., he assaulted Logan's corps in their trenches. On the 22d of July he led the flank movement under Hardee which brought on the famous battle of Atlanta, in which General McPherson was killed.

On the 6th of August, with his division alone, he fought the battle of Eutaw Creek that checked the right-flank movement of the enemy around Atlanta, capturing several flags, and punishing the enemy very severely in this engagement. He was shot through the knee and sent to the hospital at Barnesville, Ga. He recovered from this wound just in time to join Hood in his ill-fated campaign in Tennessee.

In this campaign he commanded a division in Cheatham's corps, which was Hardee's old corps, and was with this corps when the great mistake was made at Spring Hill, and the next day led his division upon the bloody works at Franklin, where many of his men gained the interior of the enemy's works and held them until the Yankees retreated. Next morning after the battle General Hood ordered General BATE to take the remnant of his division and proceed across the country to the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad and destroy all the blockhouses and bridges between Murfreeshoro and Nashville. He was then ordered to rejoin Hood at Nashville, which was done only a few days before the battle of Nashville.

It was in this engagement his division was nearly annihilated. While at the angle on that line his Tennesseans were demolished and his Georgians fought until they were surrounded on three sides, yet BATE, with crutch in hand, rode up and down his line urging his men to hold fast. He retreated out of Tennessee with Hood and finally followed Joe Johnston into the Carolinas, and at the battle of Bentonville, the last battle note of the war, General BATE commanded the remnant of his old division and that of Cleburne's, and assaulted the Federal earthworks, overrun them, driving the enemy back and capturing many prisoners.

In this, the last battle and dying agony of the Confederacy, Gen. WILLIAM B. BATE, with crutch in hand and suffering from many wounds, was a conspicuous figure. He stood here literally in the last ditch.

General BATE returned to Nashville after the war and enjoyed a lucrative practice in the law, was twice elected governor of the State, and four times sent by an appreciative people to the United States Senate, the greatest honor within their gift.

No braver soldier ever unsheathed a sword or shouldered a gun than General BATE. Whether walking or riding, sick or well, mangled on the battlefield or hobbling on crutches, defying the imperious surgeon's knife or facing the mowing grapeshot, he was the personification of dauntless courage, demanding his rights as he saw them, courting death at every turn rather than be unfaithful in the least, act a coward in the slightest, or fall short of the full measure of duty well done.

Ever cautious, studious, and thoughtful before arriving at his conclusions, whether the question concerned a civic, military, or legislative responsibility, he always had an opinion as to what was right and what was wrong and unbendingly and immovably stood for what he thought was right. He never bent the truth nor swerved in doing, or trying to do, his full duty, regardless of the consequences.

He never struck below the belt. He was always open, frank, with friend or foe, a gentleman of the very highest honor, and as far from fraternizing at any time, anywhere, with any man who fell short of this high standard as any man who was ever honored by State or nation.

So severe was his wound received at Shiloh that the army surgeon informed General BATE that he must amputate his leg to save his life. But General BATE said it should not be done. The surgeon came to perform the operation, and General BATE drew his pistol and said to the surgeon that he would kill him if he undertook to do so. General BATE was victorious, saved

his leg, but ever afterwards walked lame and almost uniformly with a heavy hickory stick.

His friends thought after this wound that he would be unfit for active duty in the field, and, in 1863, urged him to accept the nomination for the governorship of Tennessee, but he refused and replied in the following remarkably characteristic words:

WARTRACE, *July 17, 1863.*

GENTLEMEN: In reply to your telegram of to-day I beg to say that, however flattering the honor you suggest and to which I am not insensible, there is a duty that rises above it. As a son of Tennessee and a southern soldier, I would feel dishonored in this hour of trial to quit the field. No, sirs; while an armed foe treads our soil and I can fire a shot or draw a blade I will take no civic honor. I had rather, amid her misfortunes, be the defender than the governor of Tennessee. Let me exhort to harmony.

Respectfully, W. B. BATE.

Messrs. GALLOWAY, RICE, WINCHESTER, BROWN, and others.

I dare say he never sought, as a Mexican or Confederate soldier, as a private or major-general, any position of security, if duty called him elsewhere. He was the kind of a man who would resolve every doubt against himself in deciding on what his full duty was as a citizen, on the battlefield, or in any civic position he ever filled.

He was amongst the first Tennesseans to enlist as a Federal soldier in the Mexican war. He was one of the first Tennesseans to enlist as a Confederate soldier in the civil war. In each of these wars he fought to the last—until the bloody sword had settled the questions in dispute. And when death touched him with the harness still on he would have then died for his country if it had been necessary. The man's whole life shows that this is not an extravagant statement.

Though the cause of the Confederacy was to him always an absolutely just cause—a fight for equal rights for equal States—

he accepted the arbitrament of the sword in 1865, and, like a manly and patriotic man that he was, stood sponsor for a reunited country in fact and law and died as he wished—in the service of his native State and country—a wish his State had gratified by electing him the fourth time to the Senate at the advanced age of 79 years, and over one of Tennessee's most gifted statesmen.

Having been designated by the Secretary of War as one of those to speak for Confederates at the dedication of Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park, General BATE delivered a most memorable speech, which I hope that every member of Congress, and every man, women, and child in this Republic may at an early day impartially read and study.

General BATE, in part, said:

> The principles in defense of which the South accepted battle were found in the Constitution. Whatever may be the right or the wrong, the South believed she was right, and the principles in defense of which the South accepted battle, after peaceably seceding from the Union, were found in the Constituion and taught by the fathers. The South claimed and asked nothing more than equal rights, not of persons only, but of States, equal privileges in all parts of the Union; equal protection wherever the flag floated to every person and to every species of property recognized by any State. Less than that was subordination, not equality.
>
> Thus, Mr. Chairman, it may be seen that the facts of history, the writings of the founders of our Federal system, the reservations of the States when ratifying the Constitution, and, it may be said, the resolutions and platforms of political parties, and the course of administration up to that time, all united to sustain the theory that our Federal Union was a compact of confederation from which any State could peaceably withdraw.
>
> When equal rights and equal privileges were denied to the South, an appeal to the court of last resort between sovereign States became absolutely necessary—an appeal to war—that tribunal of force whose judgment is final, whether just or otherwise. In its forum the States joined issue, and when its decree was found against the South we bowed to it as final, without consenting to it as just or righteous. Its irreversible result will not again be questioned, but is accepted with a solemn sense of duty, overcast with natural and unavoidable sorrow.
>
> It now becomes our duty, as ex-Confederate soldiers, to maintain the Government with true faith, and defend the flag of our country with the

same courage and devotion that we gave to our "little cross of St. Andrew."

That, Mr. Chairman, is the essence of the unvarnished story of the causes which led to our civil war. We take no exceptions to the sense of duty which impelled the people of the North to peril all of the Constitution, all of material wealth, and that wider wealth of individual life to maintain the union of States, for it but shows their love and deep devotion to the Union. The South proffers at the bar of history and in the forum of conscience a rectitude of motive and a warrant of law not less moral and righteous than all that animated the North.

Publicists may draw distinctions between just and unjust wars, but in civil conflicts for inalienable rights victory can not sanctify the wrong nor defeat invalidate the right. Our civil war established beyond controversy that the North was the stronger in all the materials of war and had vastly greater facilities for making them available, having, besides internal resources, the outside world to draw from; but beyond that human reason can draw no rightful conclusion, and the right or wrong is left to impartial history.

And, Mr. Chairman, I have not the least apprehension that impartial history will fail to recognize the justification of the South in the records of our country and find that, according to the faith that was in her people, and their judgment made up from that standpoint, there was no alternative left in 1861 but to appeal to arms; and I affirm, Mr. Chairman, with equal confidence, that any comparisons of the two sections, from the earliest times to the present day, will not find the South to have been less patriotic or less solicitous for the honor, glory, and welfare of the Union.

* * * * * * * *

Among the thousands of blessings with which a kind Providence has crowned our country there is one which of all others we are prone least to appreciate—the blessing of peace. The pomp of war, its imposing spectacles, its glittering array, the measured tread of armed men, and the neigh of the war horse—"as he smelleth the battle from afar, and to the trumpet saith ha! ha!"—captivate the eye and intoxicate the senses, while the halo of military glory quenches the pulsation of humanity and veils from sight the widowed mother and the weeping orphan kneeling on the bloody hearthstone.

We men from yonder battlefields know what war is, and while holding ourselves ever ready to touch elbows in line of battle against foreign foes, our experience, our courage, and our patriotism warn us to "beware of entrance to a quarrel."

The blood and carnage of 1861–1865 should not be repeated. No thoughtful man, however, is free from grave apprehensions when he sees the ugly signs outcrop here and there and hang ominously over the destiny of our country. We even now see the faint yet vivid flashes and

hear the thunder in the distance, and pray that the storm may pass harmless.

When the time comes, which we pray may never come, that calls our men to battle, the record of the past gives promise and assurance to the future that the descendants of the men who followed Bragg on yonder field will be as responsive to the call, as valiant in the fight, and as vigorous in the pursuit as the children of those who rallied under Rosecrans.

And should danger come, I believe the conservative South may yet prove to be the rod that will conduct the fiery bolt harmless to the earth, and when liberty takes her flight, if she ever should, from this country, her last resting place will be in our Constitution-loving and Constitution-defending South.

We of the South love our comrades with no less devotion; we see in them no less courage, honor, manliness, and patriotism than you recognize in your fellow-soldiers. To the men of the South their cause was not less holy, not less sacred, not less rightful than you esteem that for which your armies fought

Col. James W. Blackmore, a lifelong friend, leading lawyer and citizen of Gallatin, Tex., in a recent letter to me says:

After the surrender of the Confederate army General BATE came home and found the property he owned had been attached for security debts, and he was left with but little to start on. But he went to Nashville and began the practice of law there, and soon won distinction in his profession and gained a remunerative practice.

After the civil war and for many years previous to his election as governor of Tennesse he practiced law in Nashville in partnership with Col. Frank E. Williams, a very able lawyer. He never practiced his profession after he was elected governor or to the United States Senate. He seemed to delight in giving his whole time to the public.

General BATE was a man in whom the people must have had and did have implicit confidence, for he was almost continuously filling, with or without compensation, some place of distinction and trust. He was a delegate to the Democratic national convention in 1868, some of his brother delegates being the late lamented John F. House, A. O. P. Nicholson, Thomas A. R. Nelson, and Nathan Bedford Forrest. Gen. W. B. BATE served

as a member of the committee on organization, which made the Hon. Horatio Seymour president of the convention, and A. O. P. Nicholson vice-president, and Joseph H. Thompson secretary for the State of Tennessee. General BATE was also one of the committee to inform the nominees of their nomination.

Judge Nelson, for the Tennessee delegation, nominated Andrew Johnson for President, and for the first six ballots he received the full vote of this delegation and for several times thereafter.

As further evidence of General BATE'S loyalty and sincere devotion to a reunited people, one country, and one flag, we have only to glance over the balloting of this historic convention and see the entire Tennessee delegation casting their vote for Franklin Pierce, George H. Pendleton, W. S. Hancock, Thomas A. Hendricks, and Horatio Seymour for the Presidential nomination, all of whom had opposed the cause of the Confederacy on the field of battle, in the forum, or on the stump. And this only three years after the smoke of battle had lifted from the stricken Southland.

On the twelfth ballot the first and only vote cast for George B. McClellan was given by Tennessee "midst cheers and great applause," the balance of the votes being divided between Johnson and Pendleton. On the thirteenth ballot the vote was unchanged, except one cast for Franklin Pierce. On the fourteenth ballot the vote was equally divided between Hancock and Pendleton. On the fifteenth it stood half for Johnson and half for Pendleton. On the sixteenth and seventeenth ballots the vote stood five and one-half for Johnson and the balance for Pendleton. But on the eighteenth, when "Tennessee" was called, the chairman of the delegation said:

The State of Tennessee, faithful to him who has ever been faithful to our country, casts her united vote for Andrew Johnson.

The only vote he received on this ballot.

On the nineteenth and twentieth ballots her ten votes were cast for Hancock amidst applause. On the twenty-first ballot the vote stood five for Johnson, two and one-half for Hancock, one-half for Hendricks, one-half for McClellan, two and one-half not voting. On the twenty-second ballot Tennessee cast three and one-half votes for Hancock, one and one-half for Hendricks, one for Seymour, and four for Johnson. On the first roll call Ohio cast twenty-one votes for Seymour, and Tennessee one; total, twenty-two. Before the balloting concluded New Jersey, West Virginia, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Maine, and Georgia changed their votes to Seymour, and he was nominated.

When nominations for Vice-President were presented and the name of Tennessee was called the chairman of the Tennessee delegation said:

> Mr. Chairman, it is the pleasure of the Tennessee delegation that the vote of the State of Tennessee shall be cast by a distinguished southern soldier, whom I have the honor to present to the convention—N. B. Forrest. [Great applause.]

Whereupon General Forrest said:

> I have the pleasure, sir, to cast the vote of Tennessee for General Blair, and I wish to take this occasion to thank the delegates here for the kind and uniformly courteous treatment that the southern delegates have received at this convention. [Great cheering.]

This convention met July 4, 1868, and assembled at Tammany Hall.

For twelve years General BATE served as a member of the national Democratic executive committee.

In 1875 he was defeated for the United States Senate by a narrow margin. On one ballot he was elected by one vote, but by a change of one vote before the result could be announced there was a tie as against the combined vote of ex-President

Andrew Johnson and Mr. Edwin H. Ewing. Finally Mr. Johnson was elected.

General BATE was elector for the State at large on the Tilden and Hendricks ticket, in 1876, and made a thorough canvass of the State. He always loyally supported the nominees of the Democratic party and its platforms. He was a "strict constructionist" of the old school, a State rights advocate of unsuspected fidelity.

I distinctly remember that during his first or second campaign—his second, I think—for governor, the Democratic platform indorsed and demanded the continuation of a railroad rate-fixing commission law, then unpopular. Throughout a laborious campaign General BATE stood squarely on this platform. It appeared for a little while as though he would be defeated because of his fixed determination to stand by this law and for his party platform.

About this time one of Tennessee's greatest sons, lawyers, public speakers, writers, and authors, Col. Arthur S. Colyar, said:

> Scratch the platform and vote for the *man*.

This keen discrimination from such a high source rang throughout Tennessee and was on everyone's lips. But General BATE stuck to his party platform, was reelected, a personal triumph, for a legislature was at the same time selected which passed a bill to repeal this law, which met with a prompt and vigorous veto from Governor BATE, but the legislature nevertheless passed the bill over his veto.

The Hon. Park Marshall, State senator of Tennessee, and I think during the gubernatorial administration of General BATE and afterwards intimately associated with him in Washington City, in a published letter briefly reviews General BATE'S record as governor. After quoting General BATE'S

immortal telegram from Wartrace, July 17, 1863, already cited, declining the honor of a nomination for governor, Mr. Marshall says:

With his desperate wounds still unhealed, unable to move about except on crutches, WILLIAM B. BATE sent the above reply from the Confederate camp at Wartrace to the convention which virtually offered him the office of governor.

These words were not spoken in idleness, nor was that spirit that gave them utterance broken to the end of those days "that tried men's souls," even after other severe wounds had been received at Hoovers Gap and at Atlanta, nor after the marches and battles from Atlanta to Nashville and from Nashville to the end at Bentonville.

Many a man—and true man at that—would gladly, under the circumstances, have accepted the call of his State to the high and more secure office of governor and been held blameless.

Nineteen years later the people, under trying circumstances, again called upon W. B. BATE to take the office of governor. Now, the conditions had changed. General BATE had accepted the arbitrament of war, and was pursuing the practice of his profession, in which his success was very great. He had earned sufficient money with which to pay off $30,000 of antewar debts, and his income was much greater than the salary attached to the office of governor. Yet he accepted the nomination when his chances of election were extremely doubtful. Indeed, many of those who were considered the best judges were of the opinion that the probabilities were altogether against him and against any other man who should make the race. Democratic prospects were at the lowest ebb in the State at which they have ever stood since 1863. It is clear that neither at this time nor in 1863 did General BATE reach a decision to promote his own comfort. Everyone must remember what a nightmare the State debt question was during the whole period from 1870 up to 1883, how it arrayed neighbor against neighbor, smothered almost every other issue, and paralyzed the State, until finally it split the Democratic party in twain and in 1880 elected a Republican governor and State officials. In 1882 the split had shown no signs whatever of mending while the debt itself was growing apace. It was at this time that the Democratic party turned to General BATE, who did not seek the office, and appealed to him as a strong and suitable man to lead them. He accepted, out of a pure sense of public spirit, and such was the ability displayed by him in his debates on the stump and such the confidence he inspired that the people everywhere crowded together to hear him, and he was elected by 27,000 majority.

This was the manner of W. B. BATE'S introduction to public position after the war, and it was the middle period, as it were, of a line of suc-

cesses unequaled since the time of Andrew Jackson in this State. Before that he had been, at different times, a soldier in the Mexican war, a member of the legislature, district attorney-general, private, captain, major, colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general, successively, in the Confederate army, and for seventeen years a most successful lawyer; while, since 1882, he has been governor four years and United States Senator seventeen years, and no semblance of a taint has attached to him in any of these positions at any time.

But we are speaking of him especially in his relations to the office of governor. Here it may be remarked that a good object, only partially accomplished, may long be remembered with admiration, for the endeavor and regret for such failure as may be incident to it, whilst one, perfectly accomplished, may soon be forgotten as no longer demanding attention. Let not Senator BATE'S successes, though complete, be among those that are forgotten. He brought order out of fiscal chaos, perfect credit to his State, and lasting harmony to the Democratic party. Had he not done these things so well there might not now be so much reason for recalling them to memory. His was not a mere routine administration. All the chief acts of his administration are his and are strongly impressed with his personality and guiding hand. All of his appointments were recognized as being responsive to the paramount public interests, and consistently therewith, were chiefly given to the men who had "slept in the leaves with him."

His attention to the settlement of the State debt was assiduous and constant, the hour of midnight often finding him at his office in the capitol engaged in the work. He adopted a system of double checking to avoid errors. Every seal was impressed on every bond and every executive signature was written by his own hand. Not an error occurred throughout the whole transaction. The Bank of Tennessee money and the Torbett Issue were settled and refunded into certificates under his personal supervision and by his own hand. His administration was productive of perfect satisfaction to friends or foes alike, from a business standpoint at least. During the whole four years he had but one assistant in his office—the adjutant-general—who also acted as his private secretary, except that there was a very small appropriation for clerical assistance in each of his two terms, part of which, being unused, was turned back into the treasury. The committee of the legislature having the debt settlement in charge proposed to allow him compensation for the great extra labor to be imposed upon him, but this he positively declined to permit to be enacted into law, saying that his salary was fixed before his election, and he would not receive a dollar in addition thereto, and did not do so.

Governor BATE fixed 30 cents on the hundred dollars as a fair rate of taxation—just to the taxpayer and at the same time sufficient to pay current expenses and interest on the State debt and have a surplus for emer-

gencies and for the gradual reduction of the debt. This rate was found to be an eminently satisfactory one. With it he paid current expenses, paid the interest on the debt, paid the large costs of asylums built, and in addition paid off $596,000 of Bank of Tennessee money. His administration was in every detail eminently economical and wise, and is often spoken of, without disparaging others, as a model one.

With BATE'S administration, the amount of the debt having been fixed and settled, began the first really orderly system of taxation after the war, which has grown with the growth of population and prosperity since the debt was settled until the revenues, by steady annual growth and accretions, are now far greater than they then were, the growth in volume being steady and the amount of receipts for the year just passed, under Governor Frazier, being considerably greater than those for any previous year, while at the same time the expenses were practically the same as those of the several years immediately before.

So exemplary and satisfactory was the administration of Governor BATE the Democrats elected him to the United States Senate in 1887. He was reelected in 1893 and in 1899 and 1905, having taken his seat for the fourth time in that body March 4, just five days before his death.

His long service in the Senate appears in the official record, open to everyone. It speaks for itself, as his deeds always spoke for him, whether in peace or war. He was constant, intelligent, efficient, loyal, and patriotic. His devotion to duty, to that unusually high standard he set and maintained, was superb, and won for him the confidence and respect of his colleagues and the admiration and applause of the people of Tennessee regardless of party.

They well knew they could retire at any hour, day or night, and know that he would be found promptly at his post, ready to toe the mark. His private and public deeds are above suspicion; his record spotless. The old and young of this or any land can profitably read and study his history and emulate his illustrious example.

No private or public monument need be erected to his memory. His life, his teachings, his deeds, these, his self-erected

monument, constructed day by day, will last as long as the human eye can read and unseared consciences shall dwell in the hearts of civilized man.

He was a tender and considerate husband and father. His devotion to his wife—"my cheerful companion and my faithful comforter, through war and peace, through weal and woe, through good and evil fortune"—was a beautiful and continuous courtship, so much so as to be often the subject of the happiest comment.

He was charitable without ostentation. He was a faithful church attendant.

Although his citizenship and home were in Nashville, a city studded with schools, colleges, and churches, he clung with filial devotion to his old homestead about Castalian Springs, some 40 miles from Nashville. A few years before his death he joined the Baptist Church, of which his mother had been a member, and in the same chapel in which she had worshiped down to her death, located near the scenes of his childhood. He wished to be and was baptized at the same place, in the same little stream in which his mother, years before, had been immersed. This was all done without the people of Nashville, a city of 150,000 people, knowing anything about it for some time afterwards. There were small and large Baptist churches in Nashville that were thoroughly religiously conducted, whose membership was composed of his intimate friends and comrades, to whom he was always devoted.

This unusual act must have been prompted by his devotion to that "spot of sunshine" where he was born and reared, and reverence for mother, mother's church, and her old church house. He followed mother's example, stepped in mother's footprints down to the little stream and down into the very pool where she years before was baptized. All this, and the

quiet, modest way in which he had it done, is, I believe, without precedent. Thus he paid homage at least to his mother, and exhibited unparalleled respect to this modest chapel, where perhaps he first heard mother lisp her prayers for husband, daughters, and sons; for country, God, and truth.

The plain and devout minister who received him into this church tenderly and with modest pride alluded to this incident in the religious exercises over the remains of Senator BATE, as they lay covered in a wilderness of flowers offered by the legislature of Tennessee and the people themselves from throughout his native State, who paid last and fitting respect to his memory in the house of representatives in the State of Tennessee, where fifty-six years before, in the splendor of his young manhood, he had served as one of their lawmakers.

His last and fatal illness was brought about from exposure in attending the inaugural ceremonies at the national capital, March 4, 1905. I personally warned him against going out in the severe cold that day, but he promptly replied, as he passed on out of the Chamber to the platform: "I think I should go, out of respect to the President. I think it is my duty, sir;" and continued forward with his brother Senators and listened thoughout to the inaugural address of President Roosevelt.

He was soon stricken with a severe cold and died in less than five days thereafter. Thus we see this man did finally sacrifice his life in doing what he considered his full duty.

His mind was clear to the last. He fully realized that death was soon to close his earthly career, but he was ready. He was calm and met in his weakness his last enemy as he had met others in his strength, with clean hands, unflinching courage, clear conscience, and full of hope. With a few friends and his devoted wife about his bedside, he bade them a final adieu, and then thought of far-away Tennessee and friends

that had gone to their final rest, and said: "I am dying. When I am dead take me back to Tennessee and bury me at Mount Olivet among my friends."

This was done. In the family burying ground in that beautiful city of the dead, and, as it happened, in the shadow of the Confederate shaft, that silent witness of his heroic deeds and those of his Confederate comrades, his remains rest to await the resurrection morn. Repeating the words of one of his old comrades, Col. George B. Guild—

> The greensward of Mount Olivet will never hide a nobler, grander character than Senator WILLIAM B. BATE; the recital of his manly career as a public servant is an inspiration now and will be for coming years. Courtly gentleman, public-spirited citizen, brave soldier, farewell!

Mr. Speaker, in his death many an humble, plain man, woman, and child in Tennessee has lost a ready and generous sponsor; the State of Tennessee has lost one of its purest citizens and public servants; the Republic has lost one of its most capable and incorruptible Senators.

Address of Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio

Mr. Speaker: Senator Bate was a typical southern man. He was a typical southern soldier. He was a typical southern politician. He was a Democrat of the old school; a Democrat who began his career and ended his career with knowledge and faith in the old time-honored principles of the Democratic party. He believed in those principles, and could he have shaped the policy of his party it would have stood by Democratic principles. No false god could have allured him from the beaten pathway and the accepted time-honored principles of Democratic policy. I shall speak, however, little of his political views and more of his record as a soldier and his character as a patriot.

I read with some interest this morning a sketch of his life and public services furnished by a friend, and I find that he and I were close together during much of that momentous period covered by the civil war, not in sentiment, but in physical location, which lasted substantially during all of his great experience in the army—he in an important command and I in a very humble command.

It is said in this sketch that his first great battle was Corinth. I was not there. I was then beginning the experience which ripened into over four years of service in the Union Army, but General Bate had been a soldier in the Mexican war, and his career in the civil war illustrates the importance and value of service experience as a soldier, a value that can not be duplicated in any other way.

It does not appear that between the close of the Mexican war and the outbreak of the civil war General Bate had taken any interest or had any practical connection with military matters,

and yet the limited service that he had in the Mexican war in the humble position which he occupied fitted him to at once assume prominence in the new conditions that surrounded him. And so, like many others, some of the volunteers, men without training at West Point, men without active service except this Mexican war experience, found themselves prominent and distinguished. It was well that we had those men. They rapidly transformed our bands of soldiers and artisans and clerks and students into trained and tried and efficient soldiers.

The State of Tennessee was peculiarly located with reference to the great events of the great war. Tennessee was already historically great. She had produced great men, great soldiers, and had written the name of the gallant "volunteer set" upon the historical records of her country, but in the civil war Tennessee was our pathway to the South. She occupied the great middle position between the Northeast and the Southwest and the South. Strategically Tennessee was the pivot or central point from which radiated the great movements of the two great armies. Grant, coming up the Tennessee and Cumberland by way of Fort Henry, reached Pittsburg Landing, and a column under Buell and Mitchell striking Nashville and central Tennessee, and so it was that Tennessee became second only to Virginia as the great theater of the war. And here it was, upon the soil of Tennessee, that General BATE occupied a prominent position.

I shall not discuss in detail his merits as a soldier. They are sufficiently written in the official reports of the army to which he belonged. They are sufficiently written in the appreciation of his fellow-soldiers, and they are sufficiently written in the loyalty of Tennessee to the men who served under the very eye of the people of that great State. Tennessee was devastated by war. Columns of marching men sweeping across her rich

fields and through her fair towns and cities left the impress of the devastation of war upon her. That she bore the affliction heroically and without a murmur is history. She was divided in sentiment, and much of loyalty and devotion to the old Union remained with her, and no truer men, no more self-sacrificing men, operated under the Stars and Stripes than the men of East Tennessee, who came gladly to the front and formed regiments and fought and bled and died and suffered the destruction incident to war, and suffered the destruction incident to internal strife among the people of the same State.

The sweep of the great armies first arriving at Nashville, moving by Murfreesboro to Huntsville, Ala., came back by Battle Creek and Manchester to Nashville, and thence by Stone River and thence by the Tullahoma campaign, and all the incidents of war along the Tennessee River, ultimately and finally up to the carnage of Franklin and the great battle of Nashville. Surely Tennessee suffered, did not cry out, but stood stubbornly fighting to the end.

In both these great battles of Franklin and Nashville, General BATE was a prominent figure. He well might have been, for he was on the soil of his own State and fighting to reach his own home and fighting to make its victory for the cause in which he had embarked. It is said in the sketch to which I referred, that he was present and participated in the "mistake at Franklin." I am not here to discuss military strategy, but if there was a mistake made at the battle of Franklin by the Confederate troops, and I think there was a most serious mistake, it was not made by General BATE or any of the inferior officers of that immense column of active, vigilant, and wonderfully conspicuous soldiers. The result at Franklin, while it looked like victory for the Confederates, was in fact a movement which ultimately worked disaster, and under all ordinary

circumstances the part of wisdom by the Confederates would have been to wait at Franklin, halt and consider, and ultimately abandon all the preconceived notion of Nashville. There was not one chance in a thousand that Nashville could be captured, and it has always seemed to me that the battle of Nashville, pressed upon us by the advancing column of Hood, was the greatest strain upon the soldiers of Tennessee of any of the other features of their campaign. The army of Hood had been turned aside from the general movement of the Confederate army at the same time that General Thomas had been located at Nashville. Everyone understood that the grand strategy of the armies involved a successful movement by way of Nashville by the Confederate army onward to the Ohio River. It was perfectly understood by all of us that if that great army should be unsuccessful at Franklin and Nashville, then they would be destroyed. They were without a sufficient supply of provisions; the country was absolutely bare of resources to aid them; they were poorly equipped in ammunition and tents and transportation.

Here was the flower of the Tennessee troops under Cheatam and a number of others whom I might name, and conspicuous among them General BATE. They made their appearance after the disaster at Franklin, for although the Union Army fell back with great loss and came to Nashville practically in retreat, yet the movement was perfectly understood to be a strategic movement to draw further away the badly crippled army of Hood to its ultimate destruction in front of Nashville. I think there was no greater demonstration of splendid heroism, of splendid self-sacrifice, than that exhibited by this army in its appearance before Nashville on the morning of the 19th day of December of that memorable year. To withdraw and go backward and recross Tennessee River to a place of tem-

porary safety was defeat and destruction and substantial disgrace; to go forward was death and overthrow and glory. Once across, the suggestion of temporary safety; after across, the suggestion of honor and defeat. That they who commanded the awful onslaught upon our lines upon that memorable December morning had any hope of success is impossible of belief, but they chose the path of honor and glory rather than the path of temporary safety and futile hope of the future.

In Nashville was a vast body of military stores, sufficient to have supplied the army during the whole of the coming winter and spring and put them in a position to have marched easily and practically unobstructed to Louisville, for the defeat of the Union Army at Nashville and the forcing of it to retire would have been substantially the opening of a pathway to the Ohio River. Here, then, before them was the prospect of supplies, food to hungry men, clothes to suffering men in midwinter, and the homes of their families, for in the city of Nashville and its surroundings there lived many of the soldiers of Hood's army. So their struggle to get into and take possession of that great and beautiful city of their State was a struggle to save their army, or failing, lose their army.

So I say I think there was no greater demonstration of heroism than the terrific attack made by Hood and his columns upon the forts and places around Nashville on that occasion. That they should fail was absolutely inevitable. But men like BATE knew perfectly well that the end had come unless they were successful, and the terrific battle was the result of that mental condition of that splendid army. Of course when fate decided against them they were practically destroyed, and the things that were witnessed in the pursuit of Hood down by way of Franklin to the Tennessee River made an impression upon my mind that will never be obliterated. Hundreds of men were

found marching in the slight snow and the pouring rain or standing by the roadside giving up, surrendering, not by order of their commanding officer, but surrendering through the force of actual military and physical necessity; standing there by the roadside we found them with empty haversacks. Now and then a Union soldier would step up to the dejected Confederates and running his hand into his haversack and that old-time question, "What have you got there, Johnny?" was answered by the exhibition of a few grains or parts of corn. This was the army thus fed and thus clothed which undertook the desperate work of destroying Thomas's army and capturing Nashville.

There were scenes of fraternity and good will and benevolence enacted between the solders of the triumphant army of the Union and the dejected and suffering soldiers of the army of the Confederacy, and as we passed these lines of captured Confederates we were taught at that late period in the war that the real fighting men on both sides had great admiration for each other.

Notwithstanding, therefore, that I do not indorse the generalship of the battle of Franklin—surely not—I think there were no better soldiers in either army than the men under Hood who made the forlorn, hopeless assault upon our works at Nashville at the time I mention. The spirit of Cheatam and BATE and a score of others inspired the soldiers.

But let me pass on. General BATE was reconstructed, and I never heard anything upon the topic of the work and reconstruction and the new conditions from him until we met at the dedication of the great military park at Chattanooga—the Chickamauga National Park—and I there heard his splendid, comprehensive, eloquent oration. I believed then and I believe now that every word he said was sincere. I have only this one comment to make. It seems to me the conditions in this coun-

try have reached the point of time when it would be well for ex-Confederates and their representatives to cease saying upon every possible occasion that they believed then that they were right and they believe now they were right. This reiteration is not offensive to me, and if there was any practical good in it I would not comment upon it, but unfortunately no good can come of it. Does anyone doubt that men who fought four long years, left their homes, their wives and their children to suffer, witnessed the devastation of their country, the destruction of their property, the death upon the battlefield of scores and hundreds and thousands of their fellow-citizens, bearing in their own bodies the wounds of conflicts, believe that they were not sincere? Do men fight that sort of a war for glory? There was no such thing as conquest possible. Why did they fight? They fought in a mistaken opinion sternly believed in, faithfully adhered to, and why keep repeating it? It seems to me that it is unnecessary to give assurance that they were honest. Nobody doubts it.

It is not worth while to plead "not guilty" when there is no indictment. The world has settled that question. The world has looked on with wonder at the reuniting of the two great wings of this country, the North and the South. In 1890 I was a member of an official commission which was sent to Europe for certain purposes connected with the Chicago Exposition and with relation to the consular service in Europe. With a number of the members of that commission and another commission I had the honor to be present in the city of Berlin at a dinner given by the vice-chancellor of the German Empire. There were present on that occasion a colonel of the Confederate army, a major of the Confederate army, a captain of the Union Army, and myself, all members of the same commission and all bearing the appointment of the

Government and all cooperating in the purpose of our mission. Caprivi, the then chancellor of the German Empire, the successor of Bismarck, himself a soldier of mighty renown, said to me that, in his opinion, the most wonderful feature of our situation and one that he could not understand was the presence upon that commission of men who had served on either side of the great war. He said that would not be tolerated in Europe—there would never be such a gathering as that. The men who rebelled, as he called it, and I call it—and I see no reason why to call it so should be offensive—would be relegated to eternal oblivion politically. He said to me, "Do you people over there treat these men just as well as you do your own comrades?" "Yes," I replied, "and sometimes, with a little touch of sympathy in our actions, a little better." He again assured me that it was the most wonderful thing he ever knew and that he could not understand it.

Another thing I wish to say: Why should not a man like BATE have been a member of the Senate of the United States as a representative of the great State of Tennessee? He had lived in the State and had fought for the State. He had made sacrifices. He had been shot and bruised, his property had been destroyed. His people sent him here, and under the Constitution they had a right to send him here, and their action was supreme and conclusive. No man can question it. Upon the broader plane of national politics, is it wise for the people of the South to constantly appear to recognize and constantly signify an admitted disability in the great political contest of the day of the men who fought on the Confederate side? Why should they, the people of the South, place conditions of discount upon the men who stood in the battle for them? Why limit the honors to be bestowed upon their fellow-citizens and the men who did not fight in the Confederate war? What is

there in the view of the people of this country to-day that puts upon the southern man who fought in the army of the Confederacy a disability in any particular with relation to the action, history, and movements of the United States? When the President of the United States, and he has my approval—I have not had an opportunity to know who else approves it—when our President, a Republican, a northern man, writes such a letter as he wrote to the assembly last night, met in honor of the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the time has come when the South should quit apologizing or explaining or advertising disabilities and stand upon the front line of their political ideas, recognizing no disability, turning their backs upon the past, and hailing the present, and such a position would be the best vindication that the South could give to men like BATE.

Address of Mr. Clark, of Missouri

Mr. Speaker: I am here to join in these proceedings for two reasons: 1. Because I knew and revered General Bate. 2. Because I know and love John Wesley Gaines, who so ably represents the Hermitage district. There are some men in this world from whom a request comes to me as a command. One of these is Brother Gaines.

The most pleasant feature of this solemn occasion is the speech of my venerable friend General Grosvenor, of Ohio. I have heard him make divers speeches upon sundry subjects, but I have never heard him speak more interestingly or more sensibly than to-day. General Grosvenor was a Union soldier and was no carpet knight. He rose from major to brigadier. Two years ago he and I debated at Nashville. One of the most fondly remembered days of my life was spent in company with him and Brother Gaines and certain eminent citizens of that city in going over the battlefield on which General Grosvenor commanded a brigade holding one of the splendid turnpikes and on which General Bate, commanding a division of Confederates, was a conspicuous figure. During that day, to him full of heroic recollections, General Grosvenor uttered no word touching the brave, ragged, and hungry Confederates who immortalized that field except in praise of their valor and in sympathy for their sufferings.

You and I, Mr. Speaker, and other men like us, too young to be soldiers in the war between the States, can never experience the sensation which Cæsar denominates gaudium certa-

minis, which a favorite English-speaking poet has translated into the famous couplet:

> The stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel.

No more can we understand the respect and kindness which the Union and the Confederate soldiers feel for each other—indeed, which they always felt for each other. The men who did the fighting never perpetuated the bitterness of the four years' carnival of death. That was done by the stay-at-homes. But even they have ceased at last to stir up strife, and it is well.

Missouri is bound to Tennessee by strongest ties of filial affection. The greatest Missourian that ever lived—one of the really great statesmen of the Republic—Col. Thomas Hart Benton—though born in North Carolina, grew to manhood and began his high career at Franklin, Tenn. Many other distinguished Missourians, among them the famous Governor Joseph Wingate Folk, and several thousand of the sturdy citizens of that imperial Commonwealth, first looked upon this glorious world in Tennessee.

It is a well-known fact that immigration closely hugs parallels of latitude. North Carolinians settled Tennessee. Virginians settled Kentucky. North Carolinians and Tennesseans, Virginians and Kentuckians, together with the élite from every State and civilized country, settled Missouri originally and, to a large extent, Missourians have peopled the great West even to the golden shores of the peaceful ocean.

Pioneers leave their impress upon a State forever in a greater or less degree. If they are a virile race and immigration from stocks other than those from which they sprang does not pour in so as to greatly outnumber the descendants of the original settlers, then the characteristics of the pioneers always remain the dominant characteristics of that people—virtues, traits,

habits, and even prejudices descending from generation to generation.

In no age, in no country, was there ever in any State a set of pioneers of higher qualities than the original settlers of Tennessee. Hers is heroic history from the time when William Bean built the first white man's cabin within her borders to the present hour. In all the elements of good citizenship they have had no superiors in the annals of the human race.

The roll call of her early soldiers and public men stirs the blood of a lover of his country even at this late day.

John Sevier, Isaac Shelby, Andrew Jackson, John Coffee, William Carroll, the Donelsons, the Robertsons, the Blounts, the Overtons, the McNairys, the Searcys, the Davidsons, the Hordemans, the Lewises, the Cookes, Sam Houston, Davy Crockett, Hugh L. White, Felix Grundy, the Roanes, the Bells, and the Bentons are names to conjure with—part of the priceless treasures of the State and of the Republic.

What American worthy of the name is not proud to claim as countrymen the Tennessee frontiersmen who, armed only with squirrel rifles, utterly destroyed the gallant Ferguson and his trained veterans at Kings Mountain, thereby turning back the tide of invasion and starting Lord Cornwallis on his dismal and disastrous journey to Yorktown?

Who can read without increased pride in our country the thrilling story of the valor of the raw militiamen of Kentucky and Tennessee who, on January 8, 1815, converted Napoleon's quitclaim deed to us of the Louisiana Purchase into a general warranty deed whose validity no man may question?

From her entrance into the Union, Tennessee has sent to the councils of the Republic strong, clear, admirable, high-minded men—

> Men who their duties know,
> But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.

She has given to the Republic three Presidents—Andrew Jackson, of heroic and blessed memory; James Knox Polk, to whose ability and achievements history has never done justice; and Andrew Johnson, to whose career history has done gross injustice. Only three States—Virginia, New York, and Ohio—have produced more Presidents.

Tennessee has also furnished her quota of Speakers of this House, Cabinet officers, ministers to foreign courts, and judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

She has sent to our wars so many soldiers and of such splendid qualities that she has fairly won and proudly bears the title of "The old Volunteer State."

Were the Republic fighting for her life to-day, she would in proportion to population send into the ranks of war as many soldiers and as good ones as any other State in the Union.

When I first came to Congress, Tennessee's Senators were Isham G. Harris, czar of her fierce Democracy, and Gen. WILLIAM B. BATE, a soldier of two wars.

General BATE stood high as a lawyer. He held many minor civil offices; was twice governor of Tennessee; was elected to the United States Senate for four full terms, dying in the beginning of the fourth. In every position he held he discharged his duties with capacity, courage, industry, and fidelity. In politics he was a robust, patriotic partisan, and ever stood ready to both assert and defend the political faith in which he was born, in which he lived all his days, and in which he died.

In his youth he served in the Mexican war, being mustered out as a lieutenant.

In his prime during the war between the States he volunteered as a private and fought his way to the double stars of a major-general.

There is little doubt that his magnificent record as a soldier was the chief cause of his becoming governor and Senator. Carl Schurz in his Life of Henry Clay sagely remarks that the American voter likes the smell of gunpowder upon the garments of his Presidential candidate. He might have extended his dictum so as to include candidates for offices of all sorts and sizes.

General BATE was a fine sample of the American volunteer soldiery, upon which we have always chiefly relied, and upon which we will chiefly rely so long as the Republic endures; for our people without regard to political creed are opposed to a large standing army. In this country so few men desire to be soldiers that in times of peace it is difficult to keep the ranks of our small Army full; but under necessity every American citizen is a possible soldier, intelligent, patriotic, brave.

The greatest European commander since Napoleon was once asked if he had studied the campaigns and battles of our Union and Confederate armies during their titanic struggle. He answered that he had no time to waste studying the campaigns and battles of armed mobs. Perhaps if he had run up against the combined armies of Grant and Lee he would have modified that cavalier opinion very suddenly. I rejoice in the faith that the average American citizen rises equal to the duties of any position in which he finds himself, and I believe, furthermore, that when our great war closed there were marching in the ranks of the Union and Confederate armies, carrying muskets as privates, thousands of men who would have made capable colonels, brigadiers, or even major-generals if promoted on the instant.

Having fought all he could during the four awful years of fratricidal strife, General BATE quit fighting when peace was declared and courageously, resolutely, and intelligently bent

his splendid energies to building up the waste places of the South. It is pleasant to remember that he lived long enough to see her rehabilitated and enjoying that great prosperity which is only a prophecy of her greater prosperity in the days to come, for no man saw with clearer vision that the development of the natural resources of the South is only in its beginning and will ere long make it the marvel of the world.

He was a modest, unassuming, Christian gentleman of the old school, justly proud of his career, both civil and military. His countrymen are proud of him and warmly cherish the memory of this veteran soldier and statesman.

Except for the local reference, the fine lines of good Sir Walter Scott are applicable to General BATE:

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking!
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Address of Mr. Richardson, of Alabama

Mr. Speaker: I believe that it can be truthfully said that Senator William B. Bate will be classed by his countrymen with the highest type of American manhood and true citizenship. That tribute he justly earned in the walks of his private and public life. In the varied and multiplied duties devolving upon him from the time he entered as a private soldier in the war with Mexico to the hour that his life went out in this city, on the 9th day of March, 1905, the guiding and controlling principle of his life was devotion to duty. During that long period of more than sixty years the people among whom he was born and reared again and again conferred upon him the highest civic honors within their gift. When the dark clouds of reconstruction were lifting and passing away, the people of the great State of Tennessee by common consent turned to him to bear their banner for the great office of governor of his State. It was a time when a strong, honest, and brave man was needed at the helm. He triumphed, as he deserved to do, and his wise, able, and honest administration of that high and honorable trust stands memorable in the annals of his State.

His administration was characterized in every official policy and act by the unmistakable, living, and ever-present individuality of the man. As a member of the United States Senate, Senator Bate stood with the foremost for purity of character, the maintenance of public and official honesty, and unfaltering frankness in the expression of his honest convictions. Upon great public questions that he had studied and investigated no sentimental policy could influence him to refrain from expressing his honest opinions. He loved the truth, and his very

nature revolted at evasion, deceit, and hypocrisy, coming from whatever source it might. Like all strong, broad, and able men, Senator BATE was patient and tolerant of the views differing from his, and in his intercourse with his fellow-men was ever courteous, refined, and gentle.

Mr. Speaker, others better informed than I am will speak to-day on the career and life of Senator BATE as a citizen, his ability in the legislative and executive positions that he filled; but it is his record, his character, his life as a Confederate soldier that equally challenges love and admiration, and about which I desire chiefly to speak.

I do not hesitate, Mr. Speaker, to say that midst the hosts of honored, noble, and illustrious men who led our Southern armies in the great civil war none was more devoted in heart, mind, soul, and body to the cause of the South than was Gen. WILLIAM B. BATE. In the early days of 1861, when the ominous mutterings of the fearful struggle that was soon to follow between the sections of the South and the North, he promptly offered his services to his people, the people among whom he had been born and reared, the South that he loved, and entered the Confederate army as a private.

Without the aid of official help, but depending alone upon his courage, splendid judgment, and sagacity of leadership on the field of battle, he rose rapidly from the ranks to the high position of major-general of volunteers. He bore a conspicuous and honored part in all of our great battles under Albert Sidney Johnston, Hood, Bragg, and Joseph E. Johnston.

He was the companion and close friend of the immortal Pat. Cleburne. When the future historian, who has yet to write a true history of our great civil war, and give credit to whom credit belongs, and paint in living words the honor, glory, and courage of the brave men who wore the gray and the blue, he

will pause, then rest, when he traces the immortal trail of death—the march of BATE'S Tennessee regiment—as it surged and reeled around the fire-crested summit of Snodgrass Hill, on the river of death, Chickamauga, leaving more than 67 per cent of men dead and dying on the field. Such dauntless courage, such reckless disregard of death, such willingness to give life for country was never surpassed on any battlefield. I can not, Mr. Speaker, on an occasion like this, follow this great man in all the walks of his noble life—soldier, statesman, and patriot—but it is sufficient to say, in part memory of his matchless career in the army of the South, that in the last dying battle of the Confederacy, animated by the same unquenchable spirit of love and patriotism for the cause of the South that led him to volunteer in the earliest days of the war, General BATE, wounded, and with his crutch in his hand, led the last charge on the enemy's lines at Bentonville, N. C.

Truly it can be said of him, Mr. Speaker, that he greeted the first bright cheering rays of the rising sun of the Confederacy, and after four long, bloody, and dark years, the lingering rays of that setting sun played mournfully upon him and his brave men as they made the last charge on the enemy's line.

Is it any wonder that such a record, such an inspiring and ennobling career, should call for the deep love of his Confederate comrades who linger behind him and cause them to speak of him in the highest terms of praise?

Mr. Speaker, it rarely occurs in the life of a man that one incident, one event, unfolds his character in vivid and living colors. In the early part of our civil war a great convention was assembled at Nashville, Tenn., and after thoughtful and patriotic consideration a call was made on General BATE to leave the field, come home, and accept the office of the gov-

ernor of his State. The spirit that gave utterance to his reply ranks him as a patriot whose name ought never to die. Said he:

> As a son of Tennessee and a Southern soldier, I would feel dishonored in this hour of trial to quit the field. * * * I had rather, amid her misfortunes, be the defender than to be the governor of Tennessee.

Such sentiments could only emanate from the heart of a man noble and grand in the image of his Maker. The world has ever bestowed its choicest wreaths of honor and glory upon the patriot soldier.

The man who turns his back upon a high, glittering, and inviting civic honor, preferring hardships of camp life and the carnage of the battle, to stand with his country in her misfortunes, is the noblest type of God's creation, and deserves the praise of his fellow-men.

While it is true that General BATE won the highest honors and on several occasions received the commendation of his superior officers for gallantry on the field of battle, it is also true that his example on his return home, under the shadows of defeat, deserve as much praise as when he fearlessly led his brave men into the jaws of death. Midst his stricken, disheartened, impoverished people he stood as a tower of strength. The devastation, the gloom, and the sorrow that greeted him from all sides, the cruelty and oppression that marked the days of reconstruction in the South, never dismayed or subdued his proud spirit. He had fought a good fight for a cause he loved, and in her ruins and ashes the South was dearer to his heart than in its days of glory, wealth, and power.

Repining over that which was lost was no part of his nature. To meet and prepare for the future of the South, to restore order, law, and peace where lawlessness prevailed, to weld again the broken links of the Union, and to restore the govern-

ment of Tennessee and the States of the South to the hands of its white people was the great ambition of his life. In this noble work he steadily labored, and his people followed him as a trusted and wise leader. Such an example from such a man, under conditions existing at that time, can not now be estimated or understood as to its real value except by those who passed through the reign of terror that swept the South in the days of reconstruction.

I do not hesitate to say that it was the example and wise counsel of such southern leaders as General BATE that stimulated and encouraged the brave and matchless soldiers of the South, who surrendered their flag under the orders of their great commanders—General Lee, at Appomattox, and General Johnson, at Bentonville—to submit peacefully to the wicked and studied usurpations and cruelties of the "Freedmen's Bureau" and the pillaging army followers, and gave their hearts and hands to the restoration of the Union.

A great and difficult work was before these brave men, and nobly and grandly have they accomplished it.

It should be a profound satisfaction to the friends and admirers of this true and beloved son of the South that God spared his life long enough for him to realize that kind, cordial, and friendly relations between the States of the North and the South for which he had so unselfishly and patriotically labored by precept and example had been fully restored, and that he died a citizen of a highly prosperous and reunited country.

Quite fifty years ago General BATE led to the marriage altar in my home town, the city of Huntsville, Ala., Miss Julia Peete, one of the most accomplished and charming daughters of the South. Reared midst the endearing associations of culture, refinement, and hospitality of a typical

southern home before the war, this noble woman crowned and blessed her chivalrous husband and her home with a purity and tenderness of love and devotion that makes home the hallowed altar of domestic happiness, love, and peace.

The people that I have the honor to represent on this floor—embracing the Valley of the Tennessee—have watched and followed General BATE with pride in his distinguished and honored career. We have rejoiced in his victories and his death brought sorrow to our hearts and tears to our eyes. View him, Mr. Speaker, as we may, in either of the walks of life—civil or military—in peace or in war, in victory or in defeat, as a Senator of the United States or as the chief executive of his State, we find in Senator WILLIAM B. BATE an unfaltering devotion to his convictions of duty, a quiet and submissive endurance under the trials of adversity—brave and tender—a character for purity and honesty untouched by the taint of suspicion, which entitles his memory to be held dear in the hearts of his countrymen.

Address of Mr. James, of Kentucky

Mr. Speaker: We are told that the true measurement of the giant oak can be best taken when it is down. So it is with the life of a great man. In the presence of death all men are impartial; then envy has no hope to actuate it; malice has no motive to inspire it; ambition sees no genius in its path; history then becomes the unbiased witness. Judged by every standard, whether in the full glow of political life or at the journey's end, Senator William B. Bate has performed with marked ability in every position to which he has been chosen.

Gen. William B. Bate was four times elected to the Senate from the State of Tennessee, and after having just entered upon his fourth term, on March 9, 1905, he was called to his last reward. Seventy-nine years of age, having served his country faithfully, and having distinguished himself in peace and in war, he laid down his burden with a name as spotless as his service had been. He typified in character, in courage, and in chivalry the Old South. He believed the Union was made up of equal States with equal rights, and that those rights which were not plainly and specially given by the Constitution to the Union were specially reserved to the States. He was a lover of local self-government. He believed truly that the government governed best that governed least. He had confidence in the wisdom of the people; he did not believe in power being placed in a few hands, and he believed, too, that government amongst men derived its just powers from the consent of the governed, and therefore he opposed to his uttermost imperialism, whether it was the imperialism of England over the Boers, or whether it was the imperialism of America over the

Philippines. He would raise in front of the marching army of either the declaration that governments can exist among men only by the consent of the governed. He was a Democrat in the true meaning of that term, loyal always to his party nominee and faithful to its platform declarations. His whole official life was an exemplification of true Democracy. Tennessee has furnished many great men to the Republic. It furnished Jackson, who drove the Biddles out of power, who led the triumphant armies at New Orleans; furnished Polk, who defeated Clay; furnished Andrew Johnson, who succeeded to the Presidency upon the death of Lincoln. General BATE had the courage of Jackson, the brilliancy of Polk, and the adroitness of Johnson. Tennessee and the Republic may say of him that indeed "Ulysses has gone and left none behind him strong enough to bend his bow."

General BATE was a Confederate soldier, and whether at Chickamauga or Snodgrass Hill or at Missionary Ridge, commanding Breckinridge's old division, or at bloody Shiloh, he was the same dashing, courageous soldier. In the last-named battle he was wounded, but holding to his crutch and forgetting his pain in the glory of battle, he rode up and down the line cheering the boys in gray. Fighting with that vast army of courageous southerners for the Constitution as the fathers taught it to them, he exhibited a courage and daring that finds no counterpart in the history of the world's wars. No panegyric pronounced by me could add to the glorious history of this devoted army in conflict for courage, for if all that constitutes that term in our language should be lost, the name of the Confederate soldier would stand for it all.

Scarred by the battles of the civil war, wounded by the bullets of the enemy, with a broken heart and almost broken hopes, General BATE laid down the flag of the Confederacy

and took up the Stars and Stripes and yieided to none in his loyalty to his Republic's flag. He folded the conquered banner, with its myriad recollections, with his manifold love, stained with his blood and consecrated with his tears, and laid it to rest. And then he turned his face to the stars upon his own, his country's flag, and knew nothing but devotion for it. Those who fought with him, who loved and followed him, are being swiftly gathered to the home to which he was called. When Tennessee called him to be governor during the conflict between the States, by the army camp fire he read her call, amid the roar of the cannon and the scream of the shells and the gleam of the bayonet. He said to his State that as much as he loved her and the great honor of presiding as her chief executive, his heart was with the boys in gray, and he refused to forsake what he thought was his duty to those around the camp fire while danger everywhere lurked about him. This is but an exemplification of the history and life of the man.

And what shall I say of Tennessee, the dear old Volunteer State? How sweet of her people that in the old age of General BATE she refused to retire him to private life, but almost at the end of life's journey his people reelected him, and the last delectable words which touched his ears were those of Tennessee's loyal sons, saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

He read by the last rays of life's setting sun another commission from his people. What consolation it must have been to this faithful old soldier, statesman, and patriot that Tennessee refused to drive him out into the night and storm in his old age. In all his service in public life the bony finger of suspicion never was pointed to him. In his life we may see exemplified the statement of the Good Book, which tells us that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving

favor rather than silver or gold." He was rich in a good name, poor in worldly goods, yet he left behind him a career in public life that will shine like a column of light through the darkness of corruption and of avarice as a guide to the feet of the faithful.

Truly it may be said of him that—

> He was a friend of truth, of soul sincere,
> In action faithful, in honor clear,
> Who broke no promises, served no private ends,
> Sought no titles, and forsook no friends.

Address of Mr. Brownlow, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: Tennessee has made more history than any State in the Republic, except Massachusetts and Virginia. In proportion to its population it did more on the field of battle to secure the independence of the United States than did any of the thirteen colonies, as Bancroft says substantially in his description of the battle of Kings Mountain. In our "second war of independence" it was the militia of Tennessee under its own incomparable Jackson, whose immortal victory at New Orleans shed imperishable glory on his State and country and led the conqueror of Napoleon to exclaim that "Andrew Jackson was the only really great general the United States had produced." In 1846, when the Secretary of War, William L. Marcy, called upon Governor Aaron V. Brown, of my State, for three regiments, its quota of troops, the governor responded tendering thirty-six regiments, to which the Secretary replied that "Tennessee would not be permitted to furnish the entire army for the war with Mexico."

In our deplorable civil war Tennessee exhibited its martial spirit by furnishing its full quota of soldiers to both armies, and better soldiers the world never saw. If those of the Union Army were more successful in achievement, it was because of the superb leadership of that Army's greatest generals—Grant, Thomas, and Sherman. If Tennessee's Confederate soldiers were less successful in battle than were their comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia, it was not because they were inferior in any respect, but because it was not their fortune to have Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, and Gordon for leaders, while it was their misfortune to have an obstinate President take from them a very

great commander whom they all justly idolized—Joseph E. Johnston—and put upon them as commanders Bragg and Hood, whom President Davis made generals, instead of giving them commanders whom God Almighty had made generals.

And yet, Mr. Speaker, such was the determined courage of Tennessee's Confederate soldiers and those of her sister States of the South that at Chickamauga the percentage of killed and wounded of both Union and Confederate armies was greater than was that of any battle of the civil war, despite the fact that the heroic men of the Confederate army had no confidence in the ability for leadership of their commander in chief. The eagerness and unanimity of Tennesseeans in responding to the call to arms have given to their State the sobriquet of "The Volunteer State of the Union," to which my distinguished soldier friend from Ohio, General Grosvenor, has appropriately added that of "The Battle State of the Union," more decisive battles of the civil war having been fought within its borders than in any other State.

That a man should have as a soldier excited the admiration and won the hearts of a people of such martial spirit as those of Tennessee, of a State which has given to the country such heroes as Sevier, Jackson, Gaines, Farragut, and Forrest, and the winners of Texan independence, Houston and Crockett, is of itself the highest attestation of his merit. This the late Senator WILLIAM B. BATE did. To my colleagues who were of the political school of the lamented Senator I leave the task of reciting the events of his brilliant military career, confining myself to the simple statement that, enlisting as a private soldier in the Confederate army, he came out of the war a major-general, and that when the battle of Chickamauga opened he was on crutches from a serious wound; that despite this wound which relieved him from all obligation to engage in that

battle and which disabled him from mounting his horse without assistance, he gallantly led his division in the thickest of the combat, in which he had three horses shot under him and in which more men were killed and wounded than in any other command of equal number.

Of the 120,000 gallant men of the Confederate army from Tennessee, the only one whose career was more brilliant than that of General BATE was that of "the wizard of the saddle," Lieut. Gen. N. B. Forrest, who never had a superior as a cavalry commander and few equals. Of each it may appropriately be said, as it was of Robert Clive, the conqueror of British India, by Prime Minister Pitt, "He was a heaven-born general."

That General BATE should have had so strong a hold on the affection of such a people as those of Tennessee, with such a record as a soldier, is not surprising. Immediately after the great victory of New Orleans Thomas H. Benton predicted that Andrew Jackson would be elected President, for the reason, he said, that "the majority of the American people love the man who has the smell of gunpowder on his garments;" and to the people of no State is this remark more applicable than to those of Tennessee. That General BATE should have commanded more of the admiration of the people of his State than did his comrade in arms, General Forrest, is because his civic virtues were worthy of his soldierly.

The political school of Hamilton and of "Light Horse" Harry Lee, in which I was educated, inculcated other doctrines than those held by General BATE, and these arrayed me not only in the ranks of his political opponents, but in those of my countrymen who opposed the cause he so heroically upheld in our civil war. As a Republican, I speak of him as a Democrat of the Calhoun State rights school in deserved honor with

that school of his party who freely shed his blood in proof of the sincerity of his convictions, and as a Confederate soldier whose fame was fairly won and has become an imperishable chapter in the annals of the great Commonwealth whose commission as a Senator of the United States he would have borne for a longer period than did any of his predecessors had not death unfortunately terminated that career before the expiration of the term to which he had just been elected by an almost unanimous vote.

But the splendid record of General BATE as a leader of men on the field of battle was not his only title to the respect and admiration of the people of "The Volunteer State." His personal and civic virtues were worthy of his skill and courage as a soldier. Of ardent temperament, indomitable will, and zealous partisanship, he was possessed of the prejudices and virtues which necessarily attach to such natures, but he was capable of subordinating these to his inflexible sense of honor and justice. When his party divided in 1880 on the question of the payment in full of Tennessee's debt, General BATE supported the candidate of that wing of his party for governor—Hon. John V. Wright—who favored preserving the credit of the State. Later during the four years he was governor he impartially and sternly enforced the laws and witheringly rebuked the men who dared appeal to him on the plea of party service or the social connections of the parties to remit the penalties imposed by the courts on the cowardly miscreants who carried concealed weapons which they murderously used in violation of law.

One of the most creditable features of his long and honorable life was his opposition to the corrupt machine of his own party in Tennessee, which, years ago, enacted an infamous election law for the express purpose of leaving nothing to chance of making fraud easy at the polls. The evil conse-

quences of that infamous law were predicted by General BATE, and his predictions have been so completely verified that no Democrat in the State who pretends to be honest will justify the wholesale frauds on the ballot which have been the invariable concomitant of every election which has been held under its nefarious provisions. To the credit of all the leading and influential Democratic newspapers of Tennessee it may be said that they denounce this infamously corrupt statute and demand its repeal. This corrupt statute was condemned by Senator BATE, who would sooner have been defeated for reelection to the Senate than to have owed his success to the stuffing of a ballot box or the forging of an election return, and his triumphant reelection the last time was achieved over the opposition of the political pirates who secured the passage of the law. Retribution has overtaken some of the authors and instigators of this iniquitous legislation, and the signs of the times indicate that it will overtake others of them as soon as a deceived and outraged people have the opportunity to put the seal of their condemnation upon them.

Mr. Speaker, death has stricken from the roll of the Senate the name of an incorruptible legislator. His remains lie buried under the soil of the State which delighted to honor him for more than a quarter of a century. His record as soldier and statesman is finished. We turn for a few hours from the discharge of our ordinary duties to pay this last sad tribute to his memory. He was plain and simple in his manners and tastes. In the family, a model son, husband, father, and brother. In the walks of private life, an ideal citizen. In his religious views, he was strongly attached to the Baptist faith, and of that great church which has done so much for the development, civilization, and Christianization of Tennessee he was a consistent, worthy member. He was absolutely devoid of duplicity; he

always spoke the truth; he was an honest man. So thoroughly was his reputation in that regard established that where he was best known his bitterest enemy would not dare insinuate that he had ever been guilty of hypocrisy or falsehood in public or private life or of fraud in any business transaction. He was firmly of the opinion that personal integrity and political dishonesty are absolutely irreconcilable in the same person, and on this conviction he acted throughout his career, as William H. Seward said John Quincy Adams had.

Mr. Speaker, the qualities which I have ascribed to General BATE may well be emulated by some of his contemporaries upon whom accident or an inscrutable Providence has devolved the responsibilities of high official station. Upon many of them more brilliant gifts have been bestowed. But not of all of them can it be said, as of WILLIAM B. BATE, he was truthful, he was honest, he was incorruptible. These are traits which Tennessee has always honored in any American statesman, and as a tribute to them, as developed in her soldier Senator, she now lays the garlands of her love upon his tomb.

No Sybarite can win the praise
Or laurel wreath of story;
No calm, but storms for all who climb
The stern Mont Blanc of glory.

Address of Mr. Stanley, of Kentucky

Mr. Speaker: It is with unfeigned diffidence that I offer here, in the midst of these able and elaborately prepared addresses, a spontaneous and almost extempore tribute to that soldier and statesman, William B. Bate.

The passing of this gallant and chivalrous scion of the South calls to my mind a scene in which there is strangely mingled the elements of pathos and sublimity. A few more days and the last sentinel will for the first time have fallen asleep at his post, and the last heroic defender of the lost cause will have joined his companions upon the nether shore. We see the last line broken and shattered, as they pass silently and swiftly westward, one by one.

Transfigured in the "golden lightning of the sunken sun," outlined in distinct silhouette against the many-hued splendors of a day that is done, they rise before us gray and grand, the rear guard of the most gallant band that ever careered o'er field of carnage or of glory. To-morrow we shall truly say:

> On Fame's eternal camping ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And Glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead.

What men they were—these protectors of the homes, these fine exemplars of the chivalry of the South, with their high aspirations and modest mien—strange mingling of strength and tenderness, of courage and of courtesy.

It is of Bate, the soldier, I would speak, of Bate, the inspiring and perfect exemplar of the highest civilization, not of the South only, but of the race.

We hear much of the provincialism of the South, of a civilization characteristic of and peculiar to those antebellum days. We speak of it with reverence, yet we treat it as a memory. What were the distinctive and distinguishing elements of that civilization of which BATE was so peculiarly the embodiment? In what is it different from to-day? Where is the line, if line there be, between the old South and the new? Is it true that we have lost something, that we have left something far behind us? Is it true that these strangely gracious, knightly, courteous soldiers as they pass from the scene of action will leave no type or trace behind? If true, it is the saddest commentary upon the decadence not of the South only, but of the race. What were the characteristics, which the thought and purpose of that life which pulsated in every fiber of this dead soldier's being? Dauntless courage, a devotion to duty so serious and sacred that it was a religion, a high and changeless reverence for woman, an idolatrous love of truth. These virtues marked the southern man, inspired the southern soldier, and sanctified southern life. Were they peculiar to that section south of Mason and Dixon's line? Was this their glorious provincialism confined to a brief era and a circumscribed section? Nay, verily! The deep rooting of these fine sentiments was not a growth—it was a heritage. It was the evidence not of sectionalism, not of provincialism, but of eternal conservatism. If the South differed from other sections, it was because other sections had departed from the most precious inheritance of their fathers, had retrograded, not they. If the South was broader, more liberal, or more generous than her neighbors, it was because others had allowed their souls to be cramped in the narrow channels of fanaticism or of greed. Older than its civilization or its faith, these ideals run like a silver thread through all the history of the Saxon race, and when history

is lost in the twilight of time, they illumine the traditions of the rugged worshipers of Thor and Woden in the wilds of Sleswick and Friesland.

Tacitus, who alone among the ancient historians had a close personal knowledge of the manners and customs of the Saxons in their so-called "barbarism," declared:

> The generals are chosen for their valor * * *. They command more by warlike example than by their authority. To be a prompt and daring spirit in battle and to attack in front of the lines is the popular character of a chieftain. When admired for his bravery he is sure to be obeyed.

Those lines, written in the presence of the Saxon warrior and describing a civilization, if civilization I may call it, fifteen hundred years older than this, might be appropriately applied to that gentle, firm, courageous hero, Robert E. Lee, whose memory we commemorated but yesterday, who in camp was the beloved companion and comforter of his devoted followers, and in the dread hour of battle inspired them like a god.

> In the heat of the engagement—

says Tacitus—

> the Saxon warrior hears the shrieks of his wife and the cries of his children. These are the darling witnesses of his conduct, the applauders of his valor, at once beloved and valued.

And how well his wild consort deserved his devotion and inspired his courage.

> With one husband, as with one life, one mind, one body, every woman is satisfied; in him her happiness is centered; her desires extend no further, and the principle is not only affection for the husband's person, but reverence for the married state.

Ah, it was no new thing, this mixture of strength and tenderness, love and valor, in the midst of his wild environment; shut out in the darkness and in the fog, from the presence of his God, he worshiped truth as a divinity and woman as a goddess.

Taine, a Frenchman, pays this unwilling tribute to the Scandinavian savage:

> Through all outbreaks of primitive brutality gleams obscurely the grand idea of duty, which is the self-constraint exercised in view of some noble end. Marriage was pure amongst them, chastity instinctive. Amongst the Saxons the adulterer was punished by death; the adultress was obliged to hang herself, or was stabbed by the knives of her companions. The wives of the Cimbrians, when they could not obtain from Marius assurance of their chastity, slew themselves with their own hands. They thought there was something sacred in a woman; they married but one, and kept faith with her. In fifteen centuries the idea of marriage is unchanged amongst them. The wife, on entering her husband's home, is aware that she gives herself altogether, "that she will have but one body, one life with him; that she will have no thought, no desire, beyond; that she will be the companion of his perils and labors; that she will suffer and dare as much as he, both in peace and war." And he, like her, knows that he gives himself. Having chosen his chief, he forgets himself in him, assigns to him his own glory, serves him to the death. "He is infamous as long as he lives who returns from the field of battle without his chief." It was on this voluntary subordination that feudal society was based. Man, in this race, can accept a superior, can be capable of devotion and respect. Thrown back upon himself by the gloom and severity of his climate, he has discovered moral beauty, while others discover sensuous beauty. This kind of naked brute, who lies all day by his fireside, sluggish and dirty, always eating and drinking, whose rusty faculties can not follow the clear and fine outlines of poetic forms, catches a glimpse of the sublime in his troubled dreams. He does not see it, but simply feels it; his religion is already within. [illegible] His gods are not inclosed in walls; he has no idols. What he designates by divine names is something invisible and grand, which floats through nature and is conceived beyond nature, a mysterious infinity which the sense can not touch, but which "reverence alone can appreciate;" and when, later on, the legends define and alter this vague divination of natural powers, an idea remains at the bottom of this chaos of giant dreams—that the world is a warfare, and heroism the greatest excellence.

Upon that rude base rugged, sublime, and eternal mediæval chivalry was planted, and to it, as to the Rock of Ages, the thought, the aspirations, and the life of the South were anchored. Chivalry was its natural result. It was the flower of which those simple principles were the root. Civilization and religion brought refinement and culture—brought the sweet amenities of life—broadened, sanctified, and ennobled the severe fiber of

the Saxon chief. Follow him through time, see him clad in the gay garments of the cavalier, decked in plumes, splendid in court and camp, the Sidneys, the Raleighs, the Ruperts still retain beneath the gay exterior of a knight-errant the stern virtues of the Scandinavian warrior.

There never was a time in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, from the invasion of Great Britain until the settlement of Virginia, that its highest thought, its holiest customs, its grandest endeavor were not inspired by those same sentiments which we designate "Southern chivalry."

It was not persecution nor greed for gold that tempted the first settlers of Virginia and the Carolinas to brave the terrors and dangers of a trackless and unexplored ocean, or to endure the hardships and face the perils of the wilderness and the savage. They were filled with the spirit of high adventure; they were the lineal sons of the Norse kings, "who had never slept under the smoky rafters of a roof; who had never drained the ale horn by an inhabited hearth;" who laughed at wind and storm and sang:

> The blast of the tempest aids our oars; the bellowing of Heaven, the howling of the thunder, hurt us not; the hurricane is our servant and drives us whither we wish to go.

They carried the banners of heraldry and the scepter of power, planted them upon the smoky tops of the Blue Ridge, and bore them across the fertile fields of Kentucky and Tennessee and the undulating, far-stretching plains of the West, till at last they were mirrored in the Father of Waters and the placid bosom of the Lakes.

They multiplied in numbers, grew in prosperity and wealth, and in a higher and finer civilization. In their hour of ease and culture they were the exquisite models of "that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive,

even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise. * * * That sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half of its evil by losing all of its grossness."

But they were never enervated by ease or softened by civilization; they never deviated a hair's breadth from the rigid rectitude of their fathers; their sons preserved a changeless fidelity to duty, and their daughters a chastity as immaculate as the snows upon the mountain peaks.

As illustrative of this fine idea of duty which ran in sunlight and shadow through all the life of WILLIAM B. BATE, and, as illustrative of its hold upon the race, I would recount a touching incident told of the battle of Cressy. It is said that, when the gay and festive chivalry of France had dashed themselves to pieces against the fixed and immovable English columns, when the mailed hand of Edward III had crushed into the mire and blood of the ensanguined field the fleur-de-lis of France, the blind King of Bohemia, unwilling to hear the death groans of his friends, unwilling to listen to the wail of disaster and defeat, unwilling to survive his companions, had his horse bound fast and tight to a charger upon either side, and between his trusty courtiers, guided by the turmoil and thunder of the fight, dashed to death. When night came and the pale moon looked down upon 30,000 slain, they found three horses standing like silent sentinels and three dead riders at their feet, and between his companions, with the seal of death upon his blind eyes, lay the brave old King of Bohemia.

A white triplumed crest dappled in blood still clung to his dauntless brow, and on it was inscribed the simple motto "Ich

dien"—I serve. It thrilled five centuries of English history past and rang through a thousand years of civilization yet to come. The most martial of England's kings reverently lifted that simple crest and placed it, as a deathless laurel, upon the brow of his first-born son; and to-day, more precious than all the trophies wrung from Poitiers, Agincourt, or Waterloo, high above all the bloody swords and battered shields and tattered banners taken in a thousand years of conquest that has girded the earth and mastered the sea, old England still holds aloft that triplumed crest as the proud insignia of all her princes yet unborn and all her uncrowned kings.

I could write upon the tomb of WILLIAM B. BATE, with truth and with sincerity, the motto of the Prince of Wales and the dead Bohemian king, "I serve." One single incident in his life portrays in rare and radiant colors his flawless devotion to duty. Wounded at Shiloh, his horse shot under him at Chickamauga, wounded again before Atlanta, ragged, emaciated, racked with pain, with pallid face and thin lips set, you see that heroic figure on his crutches amid his companions in arms. It was at this time that there came to him the tempting offer of civic honors, of ease and wealth and fame. Unsolicited, a grateful and trusting people laid at his feet the chief magistracy of a sovereign State. The old soldier was immovable, setting his face like a flint toward the foe, whom he knew was destined to ultimate victory, he took in his manly arms his wretched companions and sent back to those who would tempt him with office or power that message which shall thrill all Tennesseans in the centuries yet to come:

> I shall accept no civic honor as long as an enemy of Tennessee desecrates her soil.

Yonder, in front of the White House, carved from bronze that for ages shall defy the wasting tooth of time, is an inspiring figure—a horse and rider facing the foe, instinct with cour-

age and with life, drinking delight of battle upon the bloody plains.

It was not necessary to inscribe upon its base the name of Old Hickory. I invoke the genius of sculpture and of art to place beside it a companion piece; not an equestrian figure, but one bowed and racked with pain, leaning upon a broken crutch, covered with the blood and dirt of battle, with his back upon honor, wealth, and ease and still facing, with resolute and unfaltering courage, gloom and disaster, death and defeat. Jackson and BATE, fitting companions on the field of fame, twin stars in the galaxy of Tennessee's deathless and deified heroes.

It is true that his dauntless band endured famine and disaster, wounds and pestilence and death for a lost cause; that the flag they followed, now furled forever, is a conquered banner. But that banner and its story—

> Sung by poets and by sages,
> Shall go sounding down the ages,
> Though its folds are in the dust.

It is an unholy cause or a weak one that needs the vulgar seal of success. He who perishes in a bad cause is a victim; he who dies for a good one, lost though it be, is a blessed martyr. Can you try the deathless dead by the narrow standard of success? If the laurel must always crown the hero's brow, we shall leave Hannibal at Zama, Napoleon at Waterloo, Columbus in prison, and Latimer at the stake. Proudly and sadly—

> I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life,
> The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
> Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
> Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,
> But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
> Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;

Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes
away,
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the
dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With Death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith
overthrown,
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who
have won,
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and
the sun
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat,
In the shadow, with those who are fallen and wounded and dying, and
then
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe
a prayer,
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that
tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds
on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."
Speak, History, who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say
Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success
of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

Address of Mr. Lamb, of Virginia

Mr. Speaker: On this Sabbath day we turn from the busy scenes of life to the contemplation of death. We stand weak, powerless, and appalled before the last enemy, our very souls echoing the thoughts that thrilled the heart of the poet who described the last hours of the brave Greek:

> Come to the bridal chamber, Death;
> Come to the mother's, when she feels
> For the first time her firstborn's breath;
> Come when the blessed seals
> That close the pestilence are broke,
> And crowned cities wail its stroke;
> Come in consumption's ghastly form,
> The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
> Come when the heart beats high and warm
> With banquet song and dance and wine;
> And thou art terrible—the tear,
> The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
> And all we know or dream or fear
> Of agony are thine.

William B. Bate was a soldier of two wars, a patriot, a distinguished lawyer, a pure and able statesman, and a Christian gentleman.

Devoted to his Southland and to his high ideals of duty, he never hesitated to give his time, his talents, and, if need be, lay down his life for the right as he saw it. A striking instance of his devotion to duty and high principles was shown in 1863, when, though racked with pain and shattered by wounds, he declined the honor and comparative ease and luxury of the governorship of Tennessee to remain in the army, saying:

> As a son of Tennessee and a southern soldier I would feel dishonored in this hour of trial to quit the field. No, sirs; while an armed foe

treads our soil and I can fire a shot or draw a blade I will take no civic honor. I had rather, amid her misfortunes, be the defender than the governor of Tennessee.

Rarely have the marked characteristics of any man been so clearly portrayed in so few words. These were no idle sentiments; they were this man's early conceived principles, adhered to by him through sunshine and storm, through adversity and prosperity, to the close of a long and distinguished life.

A native of Sumner County, Tenn., he volunteered as a private in the Mexican war, in May, 1846, in Company F, Fourth Louisiana Infantry, and served with courage and fidelity in Mexico. In August, 1846, his company and regiment were mustered out, and he received an honorable discharge as a private.

He afterwards attended the law school at Lebanon, Tenn., and shortly after completion of his studies he was elected prosecuting attorney for his judicial district, discharging the duties with marked energy and ability.

A strong States-rights Democrat, he was an elector on the John C. Breckinridge Presidential ticket.

Immediately after the bombardment of Fort Sumter he advocated secession by Tennessee, and on her call for State troops volunteered as a private, was shortly made captain of his company, and, a little later, colonel of his regiment. So conspicuous was his gallantry and efficiency that he was honorably mentioned by Generals Cleburne and Hardee, and on October 3, 1862, he was promoted to brigadier-general.

The Eufaula Battery under BATE fired the first gun on Friday evening at Chickamauga and the last gun on Sunday evening, and the war maps show that BATE led his men that day farther to the front than any other man. In this engagement BATE'S brigade entered the fight with 1,055 muskets, and had

killed and wounded 607 men. Every field officer in his brigade, except two or three, was either killed or wounded. After the battle President Davis followed in the track where BATE and his men had fought, and in less than thirty days Brigadier-General BATE of infantry was offered a major-general's commission of cavalry.

Many times he was severely wounded, and each time returned to active duty at the earliest moment he was fit for service.

For a more brilliant record for gallantry and efficiency and those sterling qualities that make our greatest soldiers we would search in vain. More love for his Southland had no man; none submitted to sacrifice and danger more cheerfully or followed the path of duty more strictly. Ability of the highest, ideals of the loftiest, an unstained sword, and a spotless character, is it any wonder that Tennessee delighted to honor her gifted and noble son?

He was no less conspicuous as a statesman than he was as a soldier. He served his State in peace with the same fidelity he had shown in war. He was defeated for the United States Senate by Andrew Johnson in 1870 by one vote.

Elected governor of Tennessee in 1882 and reelected in 1884. Elected to the United States Senate in 1887 and reelected in 1893, 1899, and 1905. He contracted pneumonia on March 4, 1905, at the inauguration ceremonies, from which he died.

His public and private life was exemplary; his military record a brilliant one. An able statesman, a consistent Christian, a noble citizen has entered on sleep.

Tennessee may well mourn and this House well honor this distinguished soldier, patriot, lawyer, and statesman, for it can be well said of him that he was indeed both "great and good."

In the death of Senator BATE another of the brave soldiers of forty years ago has answered the last summons and joined the great majority.

In the Fifty-fifth Congress we had thirty-two ex-Confederates in this House and sixteen in the Senate. This Congress numbers eight in the former and twelve in the latter. They are falling almost as rapidly as they fell in battle. The brave men whom they met in conflict, and by whose deeds of valor they well measured their manhood and chivalry, are falling at the rate of 1,000 a month.

Our deceased friend and colleague was a conspicuous figure in an army that has been rarely, if ever, equaled for valor, self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty.

The principles for which they fought and the righteousness of their cause is being recognized more and more by the world's best minds as the years pass by. It will not be many years before thoughtful men everywhere will be saying that possibly after all it would have been better for constitutional government and human liberty had the principles contended for in that struggle been established and maintained.

It is impossible to contemplate the passing away of these Confederates without calling to mind the conditions after their defeat that tried even more than war their courage and fortitude. We search the histories in vain for a parallel case to theirs. In this era of good feeling we do not like to dwell upon the helpless and almost hopeless condition of the southern soldiers and their families after Appomattox. Under good laws well administered it would have been a herculean task to restore their fallen fortunes. That they succeeded under all the evils of the worst legislation that ever affected a people is simply a miracle, and stamps them as the best, bravest, and truest men that have ever lived in all the tide of time.

The philosophical historian of the future will tell the wonderful story of their achievements in peace, and our children's children will set it to their credit as equal, if not surpassing, the victories they had won in war.

Before the last old soldier joins his comrades on the other side he will see his beloved Southland stronger in material resources and richer per capita than any part of the Union.

Treating the character of our deceased colleague as a type of the Confederate soldier, let me present this thought for the consideration of my colleagues and the friends of the deceased, as well as the reading public. The southern soldiers of the civil war were men of faith. They were raised in a period when faith was emphasized by the mothers of the South. The most momentous period for the South was from about 1840 to 1860. The character of the southern soldier was formed by their mothers chiefly during that period. It was a period of great prosperity and the fathers were making money. The wealth they then accumulated prolonged the unequal struggle for four years. The sons went to war strong in faith—not an ideal faith, mind you—not perfect, but sound and strong. Witness, if you will the revivals in the Confederate army. It was wonderful. The strongest in faith remained to the last. The gentlest are always the bravest. They held many weak-hearted and weak-minded to their part by the powerful influence of example. Then those of most faith were often the first to fall. Death loves a shining mark, both in war and peace. We missed them daily and often said, "This can not last; all will be killed." But many returned. They and their sons have made this Southland to bloom as a rose.

They have set an example of faith that has been an inspiration and uplift to their fellow-citizens of this Republic. The Confederate soldier was an optimist during the war. He has been one since. He lived on faith and he fought with faith. Unfortunately many of them are living on faith alone now. In part, through his example, an atmosphere of faith has been created in our country. This faith has been quickened by

science, literature, and poetry, all drawing inspiration from the Father and His Word. Could our colleague wire us from the spirit world to-day he would say with Browning:

> God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world.

Or from Death in the Desert:

> I say the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
> Accepted by the reason, solves for thee
> All questions in the earth and out of it,
> And has so far advanced thee to be wise.

Or from the best illustration of faith ever written, he would give us this from In Memoriam:

> Strong Son of God, immortal love;
> Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we can not prove.

Address of Mr. De Armond, of Missouri

Mr. Speaker: This is an occasion for speaking words of soberness and truth concerning a departed friend. It is so much a characteristic of our people and time to exaggerate in praise, and possibly to blame too much, that one of the most difficult accomplishments is to measure accurately a man's character and work and to express in terms of sobriety and truthfulness the estimate formed.

General Bate, as we knew him and as others before us knew him, was a man of high character and heroic purpose. He was a man of undoubted honesty and courage, a man who, unlike a large majority of us, had his own views of things and measured and directed his own course of conduct in accordance with those views. Most of us, chameleon like, take on the hues of our surroundings and change from time to time as they change. There are a few who seem to have an inner controlling life of their own, which colors things about them instead of taking color from objects and incidents with which they are brought into contact. Most of us in our little voyage through life hug the shore and forget the stars, and so are guided or misguided by the weak nearby lights that shine dimly through the fog.

There are a few who seem to steer by the pole star, who get their light from the distance, beyond the mists, a light that, unvarying, faints not, changes not; and through the years of life, be they few or be they many, their bark is steered in a steady course by a fixed, unfailing light. General Bate seemed to be a man of that kind.

A soldier in the Mexican war, as a young man he shouldered

his musket to go to distant fields of carnage and glory in the heroic day of a generation now gone. He illustrated, as hundreds of others did upon many a bloody field in far Mexico, the heroic qualities which characterized him and characterized the American soldier of that day, and, as we think, characterize the American soldier of every day. He made his way in civil life honorably, studiously, and courageously, having fixed principles and a steady hold upon them. When the warning notes of the great strife between the States came, when the storm long brewing broke, and the fateful bugles stirred the martial spirit of a proud, brave, confident people, it was natural that he, as it was natural that his neighbors also, should volunteer, and did volunteer, to fight under the banner of the stars and bars.

It would be surprising if he had not been a good soldier in that trying civil-war time, because he had given evidence and promise of the possession of the qualities necessary to make a good soldier. It was a time when the chivalry of the South, the manhood of the South, the courage and devotion and sacrifice of the South were challenged for all they were worth. Saying nothing—and here is not the time to say it—as to the causes of the war, or whether the war might have been avoided, or who was most at fault, or who was most in the right, the real test put up to the southern people was that of meeting at the threshold of home an invading force, a hostile army—an army of their brethren, it 's true, but brethren in arms warring against them. That brought out, as it necessarily would bring out in that age or in any age of our country under any circumstances, the fighting forces and heroism of the old South.

General BATE was not an exceptional man in that great contest. There were few exceptional men in it. It was a contest in which nearly all were heroes, some in humble position in

the ranks, charging with the bayonet, resisting the bloody onslaught; some in the garb of officers and with sword in hand; but in general it was a warfare of heroes, and the man who was not a hero in the strife was the exceptional man. This man of whom we speak to-day bore himself well in that war, as so many hundreds, so many thousands and tens of thousands of others, did. That he was sincere and that he was honest, that he was devoted to duty as he saw it, he gave, as so many others gave, the highest and final evidence, the conclusive proof, putting up his life as a risk, as a stake of the contest, and offering it a ready forfeit for success and against failure.

Shattered and broken in the conflict, wounded, sore, and bleeding, he still clung to his standards and clung to his sense of duty; still braved the dangers and the horrors of the battlefield. It was grand and heroic; it marked the character of a man made of the stern, sturdy stuff that is not exceptional, but rather characteristic of the American citizen. After the war, after the bloody strife had ended, after the cause was indeed a lost cause, lost forever, after the old Stars and Stripes again waved in triumph over the land, General BATE addressed himself, as so many thousands of others did, to the duties and cares and responsibilities of civil life, under sad circumstances, when everything was trying, when most things were depressing, and when but little was encouraging or inspiring. That in the period of rehabilitation following the war he acquitted himself bravely and well is undoubtedly true, and in speaking this truth we are speaking in honor of him and of those who shared the burdens and the cares, and, finally, the triumphs of those years.

It was perfectly natural that General BATE should be honored after the war by his people, as he was honored, in being made governor of a proud State and Senator in one of the greatest

legislative bodies known to civilized man. That he acquitted himself well in these official stations is a credit to him, and no surprise to those who knew him. The South has honored her heroes, and has loved to honor them. There is, however, still left by the war that sentiment which prevails somewhere and manifests itself now and again, and that, not in the South, but somewhere else does put a certain kind of handicap upon the man who cast in his lot with the lost cause, and who in the terrible war wore the garb of gray, or who is a dutiful son of the South. Surely the South has shown a loyalty and devotion to the men who stood by her and fought for her in the dark and trying days of '61 to '65. These old heroes, as also those who fought against them, are fast passing away. The great majority are already numbered with the dead, and those who still linger are advancing in years and soon will pass over the great mystic river that all of us must cross. North, South, East, and West, as we get farther and farther from the bitter memories of the war, and as we paint in brighter colors and dwell in more loving phrase and more kindly thought upon its many glorious deeds, they are honored and revered more and more, whether they wore the blue or the gray. Only yesterday, all over the Southland, at many places in the North, and in lands beyond the seas, the memory of a southern soldier, one of the greatest men, not only of our own country and age, but of all countries and all ages, was strikingly honored in the celebration, in solemn and glorious form, of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

It is very difficult to speak of the living justly, kindly, and bravely. It is even more difficult to speak of the dead as real facts, tempered by mercy and charity, and yet guided and directed by courage and honesty, would suggest. As we come to the portals of the grave, as we bend over the bier of the

departed, as we linger about the mound covered with flowers under which rests him who was but no longer is of this world, judgment seems to surrender control, moderation to give way to extravagance, and we too often lose ourselves in an infinitude of meaningless phrases which sound and roll but signify nothing. Of this man it can be said—and if he could hear what we are saying; if it were possible, as it may be, for him to revisit these scenes and to know this afternoon what we are doing, I believe it would be pleasing to him to hear us in sincerity speak it of him—that he was a sturdy, honest, manly man; not the greatest man who ever lived, not the man upon whom ought to be piled the most exuberant utterance and the loftiest sounding words that our language may afford, but one who may be spoken of honestly and modestly and moderately as a man of the common people, honest to the core, true to principle and to friends and to duty; a man who hewed his way through life without asking odds of any, who never hesitated to strike when it was a duty to strike, and who never inflicted a needless hardship or a wrong upon any man consciously or knowingly.

We can say of him in moderation things which can be said truthfully of very few of us, and those things are words of praise—a good man, a true man, a brave man, a reliable friend and a faithful public servant, honest in the relations of public life and private life, ready to concede to others all that he asked for himself, demanding for himself nothing but what he regarded as his right; standing sturdily, whatever the odds or whatever the circumstances, where he thought duty required him to stand; opposing what he thought ought to be opposed, and forwarding as far as he could what he thought ought to be advanced. This is a noble type of a sturdy manhood; this is a man out of the setting of the old age; a man who grew up in

the pioneer days, who was disciplined and strengthened and developed in the hard times of the frontier, where the sturdy virtues shine, when the ornamentation of which we know so much to-day was absent, when men were esteemed for what they were and not so much for what they appeared to be, or for what the adornments of wealth could add or what the blandishments of influence or power might give them for their brief day.

This man grew up in the wilds among a sturdy and heroic people. He was one of them. Their characteristics were his characteristics. He illustrated through his life just what he was. It was easy to know what he thought upon any question. It was easy, once you knew him, to anticipate what he would do in any particular emergency. He was not a man who sought to display all the attractive qualities that he possessed. He never sought to magnify himself or exploit himself. He was ever ready to hear the call of duty; but he never pushed himself forward; he was a plain, substantial, reliable, good man; a thoroughgoing, conscientious, faithful, devoted public servant; absolutely honest, incorruptible; a man for whom the blandishments of power had no charm, a man who never was affected by the frowns of those who might be above him, and never was swerved from any duty of his post by the sycophancy of those below him, who desired to accomplish something through him.

Mr. Speaker, the greatest thing about a man after all probably is the essence of real character. Now and then, and indeed frequently, you meet charms and graces and power of intellect. There are always to be found in the broad walks and in the narrow paths of life, everywhere, at all times, the excellent virtues that belong to good-fellowship and home, a kindly spirit and lovable disposition, the sturdy uncomplaining

courage and patience with which burdens are borne, a modesty which is captivating; but seldom, oh, so seldom, is there combined, as there was combined in that man of whom I spoke a moment ago and whose memory now is a world memory, whose story is the story of the ages, whose example is for all time, that consummation and sublimation that gathers together all of perfection as nearly as it is possible in human form to find it, all of the graces and charms, all the strength, moderation, and restraint, all the breadth and generosity of the ideal yet real man.

Of course I speak of that rare man, Lee, of whom they spoke yesterday and last night—the man whose name is ringing down the aisles of time and whose memory will be as shining an example for thousands of years as it is to-day, aye ten thousand years from to-day, if there be no hiatus in history, as it is now; of that grand old chieftain under whom General BATE fought with dauntless courage, who was not only great on the battlefield, but great in the council and transcendentally great in the elements of manhood and all things that go to illustrate the character of the gentlest, proudest, loftiest, noblest soul that our God in his wisdom, in the ages that have gone and in the time that is, ever breathed into one solitary human being.

Speaking of these sturdy qualities of General BATE, one is reminded almost irresistibly of the magnificent personality, of the matchless qualities, of the human completeness of his great commander. They have crossed over the river; they are gone to the other side; and the more we dwell upon them and the more we pattern after their virtues and their excellencies the better for us while we live and the better for our memories after we are gone.

Address of Mr. Robinson, of Arkansas

Mr. Speaker: We have assembled to commemorate the life, the character, and public services of Senator William B. Bate. Arkansas joins with her sister States in expressing a sense of appreciation for the virtues of that faithful, favored, gifted son of Tennessee, who moves no more among the living.

From a consideration of his long, eventful life, crowned with every honor human love could give and fruitful of every benefit his efforts could confer upon his people, we learn the wisest lesson finite minds can grasp—the merit of right living. In this solemn hour, made sacred to his memory, we recall his unwavering fidelity to duty, his lifelong loyalty to manly honor. These are the pillars upon which his character was built. The achievements of selfish ambition are transient. The crowns they bring to weary brows soon crumble into dust. Their laurels wither in an hour. Their monuments are quickly obscured beneath the sands of time. But the monuments which patriots build defy the wrath of storms and master the might and blight of time. Self-sacrifice and devotion to duty are the most enduring attributes that adorn the soul. In the life of Senator Bate these qualities predominated.

There is a fullness, a completeness in his career that calms our grief and thrills our hearts with inspiration. For almost eighty years he lived to bless the world with noble thoughts and generous deeds. Those eighty years were crowded with important events to our nation and to the world. The highway that he chose in life was never devious. It was straight from the hour of his birth to the hour of his death. Like a

lane between open fields, it ran all the way without one crook or turn. It was bright as the shining pathway of the just.

Few men live so long as he lived. Not many lives are filled with honors such as crowned his brow. It was given to him to serve his State and his nation in many positions of exalted trust. He always kept the faith. He never failed to do his duty. He guarded with sacred fidelity every interest intrusted to his care. His life was rich with varied experience. He knew all the hardships of physical toil, the peace of well-earned repose, the elation of success, the uncertainty of combat, the glory of triumph, and met with fortitude the high tide of defeat. Two things he never knew—fear and dishonor. The great charm of his life story is that through all his years, through reverses and successes, his character remained unchanged, unsullied, and his name unstained.

Whether we think of him as a lad working in the sunny fields of Tennessee within sight and sound of the spot that gave him birth, or as a clerk on a steamboat that plowed the bosom of the Mississippi in the days when railroads were almost unknown; whether we observe him as a private soldier following with intrepid courage the Stars and Stripes in the war with Mexico, or leading the dashing battalions of the Confederacy amid scenes of bloody combat in the civil war; whether we contemplate him as State legislator, lawyer, public prosecutor, Presidential elector, governor, or Senator, he is the same humble yet indomitable spirit, always guided by heroic courage and unfaltering resolution.

He was as gallant in battle as the "Bravest of the Brave." When the civil war began he was among the first Tennesseans to enlist in the Confederate army. Had either the State or the nation called alone he would have responded joyfully, for the fear of danger never moved him. Had either Tennessee or the

United States called him to arms against a foreign foe his heart would have leaped to the contest, for the love of battle stirred him. But the call was the cry of Tennessee against the Union. Let no man living doubt that this ordeal was severe. To him who had known the glory of the Union flag and uplifted its fair folds in victory in a foreign land the test was awful. But the brave man never faltered. He believed that Tennessee was right, and he went to battle under a strange, new flag, against the banner that his services in Mexico had helped to sanctify to freedom. We see him, wounded at Shiloh, his horse shot under him, in the very chasm of the conflict; we behold him at Hoovers Gap, holding at bay with a few men the army of General Rosecrans. He stands by the river of death, welcoming with open arms the oncoming foe when Chickamauga's carnival of death begins. We see him fighting at the head of his troops, undaunted, fearless, pressing farthest to the front. One thousand and fifty-five brave hearts charge into the conflict with him. When the fury of the battle is spent, six hundred and seven of them lie dead or wounded on the field, and among them lies almost every field officer in the regiment. He stands like a mountain of valor between Bragg's retreating hosts and utter rout at Missionary Ridge.

At Resaca he is breasting the flood of death and driving the enemy before him. He plunges into the trenches at Dallas and grapples hand to hand with his foes. Leading the flank movement under General Hardee, he precipitates the bloody battle of Atlanta. He is next falling in wrath on the Federal Army at Eutaw Springs, and plucking from its steady grasp the Union standards with the arm of victory. Wounded again, he soon returns to his duty, and we see him with Hood fighting against fate through the disastrous Tennessee campaign. He faces death and baffles despair at Franklin, leading his soldiers into

the enemy's trenches, and inspiring them by his own example to deeds of reckless daring. Behold him at Nashville when "the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound," his regiment surrounded, himself still suffering from a wound, cheering his men to deeds of hopeless daring by the well-known signal of his crutch waved in midair. He followed with the heroism of despair the receding tide of the Confederacy as it ebbed back into the Carolinas, and at Bentonville displayed unequaled valor, although he must have known his cause was doomed. When at Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865, he accepted his parole, he surrendered hate and malice and resolved to start in life anew.

In that great war every battle produced a thousand heroes. In all the hosts that went to strife from 1861 to 1865 there was no braver soldier, no truer patriot, no nobler man in either army than WILLIAM B. BATE.

In politics, Senator BATE was a Democrat. He believed in the doctrine of States rights—the right and power of a State to govern itself in all matters of local concern. He thought that the States, having created the Federal Union, had the right to dissolve it when a cause arose that seemed to the State to justify such action. When the question of the right and power of a State to secede from the Union had been determined against his views, he accepted the construction written with the sword by the hand of war on the Constitution in letters of blood, and, acknowledging the indissolubility of the Union, sought with sublime earnestness to preserve the liberties of the people and the rights of the States under the Constitution and within the Union.

When the war had passed and peace had come again to bless a reunited country, he began the practice of his profession, pursuing it with diligence and patience. As a lawyer he was suc-

cessful. It is written that his services as public prosecutor were characterized by that high sense of duty and regard for ethics that seemed to inspire him in every relation of life. He served his party in its conventions and as Presidential elector, and was called by the people of Tennessee to the governor's office in 1882, and again in 1884 he was elected to that exalted position.

The last phase of his career began with his election to the United States Senate in 1887. How well he discharged the duties of Senator may be determined from the fact that for four successive terms he was elected to represent his State. The records of the Senate disclose that he was foremost in securing legislation for the advancement and improvement of agriculture. He resisted with all his power the attempt to pass the force bill. He maintained that the people of the States are capable of holding their own elections; that to impose Federal supervision of elections in the State is an unwarranted trespass by the General Government upon the right and power of the States to govern themselves. The defeat of the force bill was encompassed, and Senator BATE was reentrenched in the affections of the people of the South. He stood firmly against the forced alliance of Arizona with New Mexico, and ended his Senatorial career with a victory in behalf of what he deemed self-government.

Senator BATE was a distinct representative of a type of Senator that is rapidly passing. The ex-Confederate soldier will soon disappear from the United States Senate. Since the close of the war the Southern States have attested their faith in the men who fought the battles of the Confederacy by uniformly lavishing political honors upon them. The most distinguished Senators from the Southern States during the last thirty years were ex-Confederate soldiers. They had been tried in the glow

of a fiery furnace and the public knew them to be worthy of honor and of confidence. Only a few remain in the Senate, but their presence there evidences the love and confidence which they earned by valor and retained by fidelity. What a race of men they were! What hardships they endured; what privations they experienced; what difficulties they encountered; what disappointments they met with; what victories they achieved; what defeats they suffered! What valorous deeds they performed in war; what patriotic purposes prompted them in peace! Bravest of soldieries the wars of the earth have known, our nation salutes you. Scarred cheeks and empty sleeves are your badges of bravery; honor, your watchword; courage, your inspiration; hope, your emblem; imperishable glory is, and ever shall be, your reward.

On Shiloh's field, fertilized with the ashes of fallen heroes and washed by streams of patriots' blood, stands a monument to the name of BATE. His fame is linked indissolubly with the glory of that field. But in the homes of Tennessee, crowning her hills and nestling in the shadows that lock within their soft embrace her peaceful valleys, are monuments to his renown more enduring than marble shafts. Those monuments are the love of loyal hearts and the confidence of faithful friends.

Farmer, lawyer, soldier, statesman! Faithful old friend of the people. You sleep to-day in the bosom of Tennessee, secure in the love of all her citizens. She has given to fame a thousand names immortal, but none more everlasting than your own. For your patriotism and moderation, your nobility of purpose, your indomitable resolution, the Republic mourns your death and reveres your memory.

Address of Mr. Meyer, of Louisiana

Mr. Speaker: I rise to second the resolutions commemorative of the life and services of Gen. William B. Bate, late Senator from the State of Tennessee, who died in this city on March 9, 1905.

My acquaintance with the late Senator dates from the period of the civil war, when every true son of the South felt impelled to devote himself to her cause and to the protection of her soil.

I first met him during the north Georgia campaign of a hundred days, when, as was once described by the distinguished general himself, "every movement was a battlefield and every battlefield a graveyard; when for one hundred days cannons thundered and muskets flashed, and for one hundred nights the stars looked down on new-made graves and new battle lines stained with blood." In all these conflicts General Bate took a conspicuous part. I remember vividly his courtesy and affability to me, a youthful staff officer, the more marked because of his commanding position.

Mr. Speaker, the story of Senator Bate's career has been told by faithful and loving eulogists. His career illustrates the beneficence of our institutions and how much may be accomplished under them by self-denial, hard work, inherent virtue, and earnestness of purpose. Young men may take courage from his example.

Born in the State of Tennessee, which he loved so well and served so splendidly throughout life, he received early an academic education, yet to broaden his practical knowledge and to maintain himself he worked as second clerk on a steamboat between Nashville and New Orleans. Later the military ardor

inherent in the youth inspired him to enlist as a private throughout the Mexican war in Louisiana and Tennessee regiments, gaining an experience qualifying, training him for the brilliant career achieved in the four years of our bloody struggle.

Returning from the Mexican war, he applied himself to the study of the law, the profession of his choice, graduating from the Lebanon Law School in 1852. His rise was steady, crowded as the bar of Tennessee was by men of legal talents and acquirements, and even thus early his fellow-citizens conferred upon him many honors and evidences of confidence and distinction.

But BATE was much more than a sound successful lawyer and politician. He was not much beyond 30 years when the war began that involved our land in four years of desolatory conflict. The young lawyer was quick to take up arms for his State and section. Notwithstanding some military experience, he deemed it best to begin at the foot of the ladder. He enlisted as a private, but his capacity for duty as an officer, his industry, zeal, and high soldierly qualities soon secured for him a commission and steadily carried him through the various grades of lieutenant, captain, colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general, surrendering with the army of Tennessee in 1865.

Three times he was dangerously wounded, carrying the marks of his bravery to his dying day.

This rise was not due to favor or influence. He won his spurs fairly by solid, enduring merit and by the faithful performance of duty.

He rose to high rank in an army of brave men and skillful, tried, heroic officers, in such a host as has never been excelled in the story of human achievement, virtue, and endurance.

Fighting against terrible odds, imperfectly armed and equipped, ill fed, having no reenforcements to draw upon, fighting long months a losing battle, we can now hardly realize the constancy and inflexible courage it required in the commander, the strain upon the officers and men, but everyone who knew or who served with General BATE in those dark days bears witness to his wonderful heroism and his knightly qualities.

He was a man among men.

Those who knew him personally and the strength of his personal character knew also there would be—there could be—no duty that he would not perform, whatever might be the personal risk or sacrifice; whatever man could do in onset or to cover retreat in case of disaster he would be sure to do.

He was a hero in the midst of heroes. By these he has been judged, and so the verdict will stand forever.

His monument is the history of the western army of the Southern Confederacy.

When that unfortunate war closed in conquest, ruin, and humiliation for the South, General BATE returned to his work as a lawyer; but even then, when the road to public distinction seemed closed to the returning soldiers of the lost cause, men like these were the natural counselors and leaders of the people, though in private life. Energetic in peace as he had been in war, he aided in wresting control of his State from the unworthy grasp of camp followers and renegades, and assisted to rehabilitate her after the degradation into which she had been plunged by the remorseless hordes which had used her only for purposes of plunder and personal aggrandizement.

But, Mr. Speaker, capabilities such as General BATE possessed were not permitted by his fellow-citizens to escape further public service in behalf of his people. Soon after Tennessee again came into the control of her own, in 1882, he was elected

governor and reelected without opposition in 1884. In January, 1887, he was elected to the United States Senate, and took his seat March 4 following, to which he was thrice reelected, holding this great position to the day of his death.

And upon his entrance into that distinguished assemblage he found himself, indeed, in goodly and familiar company, many of them men who, like himself, had given their youth and blood to the cause in which he had borne so conspicuous a part. Among them I may mention Berry and Jones, of Arkansas; Blackburn, of Kentucky; Joseph E. Brown and Colquitt, of Georgia; Butler and Hampton, of South Carolina; Cockrell and Vest, of Missouri; Daniel, of Virginia; Eustis and Gibson, of Louisiana; George and Walthall, of Mississippi; Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee; Reagan and Coke, of Texas; Matt. Ransom and Zebulon Vance, of North Carolina, and Morgan and Pugh, of Alabama—all of them bearing as eminent a part in the councils of the nation as they did in the campaigns and on the battlefields of the lost cause.

Mr. Speaker, I shall not dwell upon General BATE's career in the Senate. He led a quiet and simple life, such as the Senators from the South led in the old days when their thoughts and utterances were molding the doctrines of the Republic. But he was not an idle man. He neglected no public duty. He wasted no time in dissipation or the pursuit of pleasure. He was a practical, laborious Senator.

He studied all the public questions that came up, and on these he formed his opinions quietly and firmly. Everyone knew where to find him.

Thoughtful, observant, studious, and upright, courteous, yet frank and truthful, when he did speak he proved himself an able thinker, a brilliant and forceful speaker. He did not go around seeking to make friends; he had no such art; but such

was his perfect rectitude, his love of truth, and his courtesy that when he passed from the Senate to his great reward there was not one there who did not feel that he who had died was worthy to have been a senator of Rome when Rome survived.

Tennessee loved and honored her noble son, and in this she honored herself. Never once was her pride and confidence in him withdrawn or even weakened. BATE could not but know and prize this wealth of trust and affection from his own people.

In the death of a man of the stamp of Senator BATE a whole nation sustains a loss. No man breathed who was more sincerely devoted to the best interests of his country, and his career as a Mexican and Confederate soldier and in public life is jeweled with examples of his admirable devotion to duty.

The State of Tennessee was his pride. To her he brought commanding talents, patriotic purpose, and a zeal for the cause of other people's rights.

In the councils of his country he was eminent for his wisdom, his eloquence, and purity of character.

Mr. Speaker, there has been no epoch in the history of mankind when public trusts were more difficult, when to serve the State required higher ability and higher personal qualities than in the thirty years that followed the civil war, and especially from the public men of the South.

They had to face a tempest of passion and a bitter prejudice that often brought a feeling to their hearts akin to despair.

To plead the cause of a weak and conquered people; to conciliate without sacrificing honor and duty, to be frank and yet not offensive; to lift up and regain the liberties of a trampled, hated, distrusted section; to make apparent all the good faith and patriotism of their constituents without resorting to unmanly recantations or fulsome protestations; to be patient and yet strong under the most trying provocation; to know what to yield

and when to be firm; to hope on and fight on to restore the material prosperity and political future of their constituents, these, and far more than I can describe, were their difficult tasks.

In this great work the wisdom, thoughtfulness, and patriotism of a heroic man like BATE was an invaluable aid to Tennessee and the entire South.

If he had ambition, who shall blame him? It was an ambition not low nor selfish nor sordid. It inspired him to serve his State and the Union, to help rebuild an impoverished and suffering section, and to increase the happiness and progress of mankind.

It is by such generous aspirations that humanity advances to successive triumphs and States become great and opulent.

But, now, Mr. Speaker, we must realize that the knightly figure has gone from our view. I mean the earthly part, the casket which contained the jewel, but we can still see in the mind's eye the affable presence, the courteous mien, the kindly, frank tone, the countenance in which never lurked an ignoble thought.

In the feverish, fretful struggle of life, with so much in its daily strife and contention that is sordid, saddening, and repulsive, it is refreshing to turn aside and study the lineaments of one who was a sterling patriot, an heroic soldier, a wise statesman, a devoted husband and father, a true friend, a gentleman of the South, in whom every element of our nature seemed blended in harmonious proportions.

Address of Mr. Garrett, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: In common with all Tennesseans, I have some knowledge of Gen. William B. Bate historically. His life touched four generations of our State, his public activities were linked with three, and during at least two of them he loomed quite large in the thoughts and affections and imaginations of our people. I had very limited opportunity, however, for obtaining a knowledge of his qualities and characteristics by personal contact or association with him. It was not my fortune to form his personal acquaintance until less than two years prior to his demise. He was the first governor of our Commonwealth whose election I can remember with distinctness, and I was but a small boy when he began his service as a Senator. His last term in the Senate began on the same day that my first and present term in the House commenced, and he died five days after this date, so that I had no opportunity of being associated with him officially.

Subsequent to my acquaintance with him, however, I was sometimes in his society, and can recall with keen pleasure conversations enjoyed with him. From these I can and do bear cheerful testimony to the kindly spirit which he displayed and the generous suggestions, both helpful and instructive, that he offered. His advices with myself subsequent to my election to Congress were not confined merely to the details of official duties and labor, nor to the expression of opinions and views with respect to public questions and issues, but in a kindly and, it may be said, a fatherly manner he spoke with me upon the more delicate questions of official conduct and decorum. I remember that the thought or theory which he seemed most

anxious to emphasize and impress was that entire frankness, accompanied by courteous demeanor, was at once the fundamental duty of the public servant and the surest foundation for success, both temporary and ultimate.

> The man who remains long in public service—

he said, in substance—

> is brought face to face with many embarrassing and perplexing conditions. There are constantly arising contests between friends, conflicts between rival interests, both having claims upon him. Tact and courtesy and judgment must be displayed, of course, in such situations, but the easiest way out, the way which will prove least embarrassing and contribute most to the strength of the man among the people, is and will always be an entire frankness, accompanied by firmness not less pronounced because courteous.

There is nothing new about this thought, of course; it is as old as human society. But it is one which each generation must learn and can not be too often emphasized, and I deemed it a most praiseworthy act in that honored old public servant, standing in the gathering twilight of his splendid life—a life which had been crowned with rich honors and had as trophies the highest political prizes any single Commonwealth of these United States can bestow—to turn to one just entering, and that in early life, upon public activities in an official capacity and make this thought the uppermost and most emphatic.

The proof of that theory, if, indeed, sir, it may be called a theory, was demonstrated quite conspicuously in General BATE'S own career. He held five different official civil positions by election of the people. To one of these, the governorship, he was twice elected. To the Senate of the United States he was four times commissioned. He received political support from three generations of Tennesseans. In all, he served the people for thirty years in official civil capacities, and this service began two-thirds of a century, almost, before

it closed. If I remember correctly, he was never defeated but once when seeking public position. That was in 1875, when by one majority ex-President Johnson was elected to the Senate. And, sir, it has escaped by observation in studying his history if in all that time there was one instance of his deceiving man or men; if he ever evaded or sought to evade a responsibility; if he ever failed to meet any issue of his long life at, at least, the halfway point. During his long career he was a central figure in many heated and impassioned contests. Think, sir, what changes were wrought within the span of this man's life. Measured by the history that was made and by the experiences which accompanied its making, he lived far longer than did the ancient patriarchs who dwelt in the eastern land in mankind's early forenoon. What passions, what poems, what romances, what vicissitudes and vitalities were incident to his age! All the records of human achievements through all the misty ages might be utterly destroyed—aye, effaced even from tradition and erased from human recollection—save the records made within the years from his birth to his death, and we should still have left accomplishments vast enough and great enough to appeal to highest human thought, to kindle the loftiest imagination, and to thrill human hearts with every delight and every despair which the spirit of man may feel. That age was a condensed résumé of all the ages that have been, an expanded expression of the thoughts that are, and a prophecy of the things that are to be.

From its activities and accomplishments philosopher and poet and painter and publicist and all may draw an inspiration with which to grapple the eternal problems arising from mankind's mighty movements and a wisdom with which to solve them in that manner that will lead the race onward

and onward toward the heights, even the beautiful heights that lie beyond the trembling stars. The epitome of all life is in that epoch; the past, with its passion and its power; the present, with its prayer and its praise; the future, with its dread and its dreams.

And, sir, it is not saying too much to assert that the superlative of all the achievements of that period are to be found in the history of these United States. With these far-reaching activities the name of General BATE was linked, not always conspicuously, indeed, but often so, and always honorably. The contests in which he engaged were so environed that they brought into public view not only every quality of strength and every reserve power belonging to the man, but disclosed the flaws and exhibited the weaknesses as well. He emerged from them all not without criticism, it is true, but without a suggestion of shame or an insinuation of lack of moral or intellectual integrity. When you come to measure the manhood of a man, what greater encomium could be desired than that it may be truly said he fought always in the open sunlight, never evading an issue, never avoiding a question, never deceiving his fellow? So far as I am familiar with the record of General BATE, private and public, that may be truly said of him; and, I think, sir, it is very, very fine.

He possessed firmness, too, as well as frankness. His will was inflexible after his judgment had pointed the way. Had it not been so I am thoroughly convinced that he could never have met with such long-continued success in receiving honors from the people of that State. A distinguishing, perhaps one may say the distinguishing, characteristic of the men of Tennessee whose names are most illustrious in our annals and are best remembered, and upon whom Tennesseans bestowed their bravest admiration and evidences of loyal love, was inflexible

determination, accompanied, it may be added, with aggressive, combative disposition. John Sevier, founder of the short-lived, romance-tinged State of Franklin and father of the eternal Commonwealth of Tennessee, upon whose simple tomb in the public square of beautiful Knoxville is inscribed the words, "Thirty-five battles—thirty-five victories;" Robertson, who was to the Cumberland country what Sevier was to the Watauga; Houston, who laid aside the governorship of the State to enter the wilderness, from whence he emerged bearing to the sisterhood of States a new Commonwealth which he, with Austin, had founded and grounded; Jackson, whose ad sum will ring clear at every roll call of the immortals; Polk, who, as floor leader in this House, joined with another statesman whom Tennessee gave to Missouri in the bud of his intelligence and power, the great Senator Benton, to lead in rendering the Jackson Administration conspicuous forever, and who, when later elevated to the Presidency himself, gave to the country the most brilliant four years of his existence and the most successful administration in crystallizing into law the conceptions and policies in the public thought of the times of any in our history; Bell, the great ante-bellum Senator; Harris, the war governor and distinguished post-bellum Senator; Andrew Johnson, to whom a combat was meat and drink. In this list, which is but a partial one, of course, may be found conspicuous representatives of almost every shade of political thought during our ten and an hundred years of statehood, and the distinguishing characteristic of each, the quality which every Tennessee schoolboy first notes, was unyielding determination, combined with aggressive temperament. It is not putting it too strongly to say that General BATE was as inflexible as either of these and was of that type whom Tennesseans have most delighted to honor

The details of his life have been sketched already with a refinement which leaves nothing to be desired. He was born upon historic ground, in the county of Sumner, near Bledsoe's Lick, famed in the pioneer annals of our beloved State. This was one of the settlements of the Cumberland country established by the colonists who followed Robertson into the wilderness. The history of that settlement pulses with interest. It has seemed to me that one of the most significant, as it is one of the proudest, of its records is that of the hundred and fifty-seven men distributed over the several settlements comprised in the Cumberland country, whose names were signed to the compact of government drawn up by Robertson, a hundred and fifty-six wrote their names in good round English with their own hands. I doubt if this is true of a half dozen other pioneer settlements in history. The future soldier and publicist received his early training among the first generation of descendants of the pioneers, inheriting from his forefathers and absorbing from the tradition-saturated atmosphere about him a potent ambition and a sturdy self-reliance. Being in New Orleans as clerk on a steamboat at the outbreak of the Mexican war, he enlisted immediately in a Louisiana regiment sent to the relief of General Taylor, and was the first Tennessean to reach the scene of hostilities. When his term of enlistment in this regiment expired, he joined the Tennesseans and served until the close of the war as lieutenant. Returning from that struggle, he established and for a time edited a newspaper in his native county. Not long after attaining his majority he was elected to the general assembly of the State, serving one term. Entering the practice of law, he was within two years made district attorney of his judicial circuit, one of the most important in the State. In this capacity he served for six years.

In 1860 he was an elector on the Breckinridge-Lane ticket.

With the first call for volunteers in the war of secession he enlisted as a private. He was speedily made captain of his company, and later colonel of his regiment, the Second Tennessee. He was with this regiment in its aid to Bee and Jackson at the first Manassas; desperately wounded at Shiloh; fired the first gun at Chickamauga, at Thedfords Ford on Friday, and the last as the blue line rolled down Snodgrass Hill on Sunday; again wounded at Missionary Ridge; fighting at Resaca, at Dallas, around Atlanta; back with Hood into Tennessee to lead his men into that awful hell of fire that flamed across the open field from the embattled earthworks at Franklin; aiding in the retreat from Nashville and its disasters; thence into the Carolinas to stand in the firing line on crutches as Joe Johnston struck the last blow of the Confederacy at Bentonville; from Bull Run to Bentonville—he began at the beginning; it was the end when he quit. For some years he turns to his profession, and then political life lures him again. The governorship in 1882 and 1884, reuniting a divided party, settling the question of a State debt; the Senatorship in 1887, again in 1893; again in 1899, and again in 1905—and then that incident which lies beyond our ken and of which we can only speculate; a funeral in the Chamber wherein he had sat so long; a journey back to Tennessee; a lying in state, while the thousands of the youth and old men, of maidens and mothers, passed by to look upon the last link that bound the first generation of Tennessee statecraft to the fourth; the interment among his kindred at Mount Olivet. His casket, sir, was draped with, and I think I have heard that he was buried wrapped in, the flags of two governments—one the cross of St. Andrew, the symbol of a government that was; the other, insignia of a Government that is and, pray God, shall be always. This was quite as it should have been. He loved them both; both honored him; he gave to both his bravest and his best.

I have spoken of the life. Of the death I do not care to speak. He lived well· he was brave; he was clean; he was honest; he was a gentleman; his fiber was sound. He embodied the high virtues which Tennesseans in common with all the world admire. I have frequently thought, sir, that Tennesseans as a whole were much less demonstrative of what is called "State pride" than are the citizens of many of her sister Commonwealths. From a knowledge of them, however, I am convinced that this is not because they do not entertain it. Somewhat reserved, perhaps, as is their "bent and quality," they are intensely jealous of the honor of their Commonwealth, scrupulously regardful of the characters of those they trust with public service, and they gaze with piercing eyes straight into the life of him who seeks their favor. They looked so upon General BATE; they found him good; they found him sound; they clung by him. They gave great trusts into his hands with a confidence begotten of their belief in their own power to discern the worthy, and he passed those trusts back to them clean, unstained, unsullied. They were not surprised, because they knew it would, it must, be so. He maintained the integrity of his compact with them. He kept the faith—even the great faith of Tennessee—the faith of her fair traditions, the faith of her sweet traditions, the faith of her past glory, of her past great glory, the faith of her past love, her past fathomless love, the faith of her public virtues, of her unsullied public virtues.

As in life they honored him because he was strong and brave and true, so now do they cherish his memory because he maintained unbroken every thread in the line of public luster and preserved the traditional loyalty to the good things of the soul and the great things of human relationship. He kept their faith. That was it. Through glory and through gloom

he kept their faith, even the great faith of Tennesseans, and they are content, sir, quite content.

I have said that I do not care to speak of his death. I do not and I shall not in any language of my own. It was a part of the day's work, an incident in the great sweep and scheme of things. It means much—just how much we do not know. Some time we shall know, no doubt, but not now; that is, not all of us. The poet may know; the poet does know most among men, both of the things of earth and of the things beyond the earth. A great southern poet has written a great poem about death. In some respects it is the greatest of all his poems, and I think some lines of it are quite appropriate just here:

Sad mortal! Couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonist schools,
And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of midnight fools
Ere the morning of truth be born;
But I, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee his face is fair
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand springs;
His smile is the fathomless beam
Of the star-shine's sacred light,
When the summers of Southland dream
In the lap of the holy night;
For I, earth's blindness above,
In a kingdom of halcyon breath—
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

Through the splendor of stars impearled
  In the glow of the far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world
  With the souls in his strong embrace;
Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
  At the passage of Death grows sweet
With the fragrance that floats behind
  The flash of his winged retreat;
And I, earth's madness above,
  'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the luster of love
  In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
  I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
  In the calm of the central day.
Far voices of fond acclaim
  Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
  Uncloses the goal of goals;
And from heaven of heavens above
  God speaketh with bateless breath—
My angel of perfect love
  Is the angel men call Death!

Address of Mr. Butler, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: In the remarks which I shall submit on this occasion I do not propose to enter in detail into the history of this great and good man, whose death we so much deplore and whose memory we have met to commemorate. His life and character, both civil and military, has been so ably and reliably depicted by gentlemen who have preceded me it would be simply a matter of repetition for me to dwell upon it. But as the distinguished Senator was born and reared in the county of Sumner, in the district which I have the honor to represent in this House, I feel that I should bear testimony of the high esteem in which he was held by those who knew him best and had shared his hospitalities in peace and with him the trials and dangers of war.

Those who responded to his commands on the bloody historic fields of Shiloh and Chickamauga and who with a fidelity akin to worship have ever rallied to his standard since that time, until they lovingly but sadly laid him to rest on the 13th of March, 1905—truly those people admired him as perhaps they did no other man; nor was this admiration undeserved, because with them he was as a brother, ever ready to extend a helping hand in time of distress and by his example and influence led them on to a higher and better life.

He was perhaps more widely known than any man in Tennessee, and, on account of his heroic valor, his undaunted courage, his sterling integrity, his patriotic devotion to his country, his self-sacrificing disposition, his loyalty and fidelity to his

friends, his unswerving adherence to principle, and his Christian character, none knew him but to love him. I had the honor of an intimate acquaintance with him from my early manhood up to his death, and can say without exaggeration a more courteous, affable gentleman I never met. He was the soul of honor—a true type of genuine southern manhood, with which the country of his nativity so richly abounds. He was ever grateful to his political friends and tolerant of those who chose to oppose him, always conceding to others what he claimed for himself—honesty of purpose.

His heart went out in sympathy to those in distress, especially to those who wore the gray and shared with him the trials, privations, and dangers of that terrible conflict between the States, in which he played such a prominent part, as shown from the records of the War Department and statements of gentlemen on this floor.

It is needless to say those old soldiers loved him as a brother, because they demonstrated their devotion and confidence in him when they rallied to his standard almost to a man in the hottest political campaign Tennessee has witnessed for many years, in which he was triumphantly reelected to the United States Senate only a few months before his death. It was said in that campaign that he was too old to longer make an efficient Senator, but the response came quick and fast, "Let him die in the harness," and so he did.

Tennessee mourns the loss of her distinguished son, and well she may, because with that same courage and patriotism displayed on so many hard-fought battlefields he was ever on the watchtower looking after the interests of his beloved State and the people who so often, but so deservedly, honored him. In the death of Senator BATE Tennessee has lost one of her most

gifted and loyal sons and the nation one of its most efficient and trustworthy Senators. As a Senator he was ever at his post of duty, faithful to the trust his people had reposed in him, zealously guarding the interests of the nation with an ability and firmness worthy of the high position.

His ashes rest beneath the sod of Tennessee, and his name and memory will live in the hearts of his people.

Address of Mr. Houston, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: It would be reiteration for me to recount the life and deeds of the distinguished man to whose memory we are here to-day to pay just and loving tribute. This has already been fittingly and eloquently done. But, coming from the district which I have the honor to represent in this body, and knowing the strong hold that Senator Bate had on the confidence and affection of the people of this district, I feel that I must voice in a few words the love and respect felt by that people for his name and memory.

His State delighted to honor him while living and with unanimity mourned his death. His life illustrates the ends that may be attained by simple faith and unfailing devotion to duty, and to his people is an ideal example of patriotism. He knew no halting at the call of duty, and gave his utmost endeavor to every service that fell to his lot. Eager in the service of his country, he rushed to every post of duty. He gave his labor and shed his blood in her behalf. His chief characteristics were a devoted mind and an intrepid soul. He never swerved from the line of duty as he saw it, and no mortal danger ever caused him to quail or hesitate.

As a member of the legislature of his State; as the attorney-general of his judicial circuit; as a private and lieutenant in the Mexican war; as private, captain, colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general in the civil war; as governor of his State, and as Senator from that State—in each and all these places of honor and trust he did his part faithfully and well. He failed in no instance to measure up to the full performance of duty. His official career before and since the war is written

in the records of his State and of the American Congress. And I desire to insert with these remarks his military record in the Mexican and civil wars as furnished me by The Military Secretary.

This is his record as shown by the brief data of war, the unembellished statement of position held and service performed. But the real record of this soldier is not portrayed in this short official recital; it remains yet for the historian to give that record in its fullness. It lives in fragments in the minds and memories of his surviving comrades, as they were associated with different parts of his career. It is green in their hearts, and will be until these hearts have stilled their motion. It glows in the traditions and tales that are the common heritage of the sons and daughters of southern soldiers. It lives in the song and story of his section and will be crystallized in American history when history shall, as history will, accurately set forth the valor and heroism of the gallant men who wore the gray.

But his career in war was only a part of his life. There is another and a larger part of it that endears him to his people. When the war was ended, he in good faith accepted the conditions and did all in his power to restore peace, that "blessed peace so dear to God and inappreciably valuable to man." Then in the ranks of the civilian he measured up to the loftiest standard. He who had so gallantly led his people on the field of battle was a conspicuous example and leader in the paths of peace. With courage and patriotism he met the trying conditions of the days just after the war, and with patience, prudence, and moderation as his guides rendered signal service in tiding over this difficult period and restoring loyal allegiance to a reunited country. And later on, when again called by his people into public service as governor of his State, his adminis-

tration was just and sagacious, and as a Senator his course was noted for its wisdom and absolute fidelity to every trust.

His career was marked by intelligent application and industry. The conscientious performance of duty was the doctrine that guided his every step, and the people of his State knew that in him they had a representative who could bring no reproach, but would reflect honor, upon the State that so loved to honor him.

Mr. Speaker, the respect and confidence that the people of Tennessee reposed in Senator BATE was a treasure that a king should be proud of. And this treasure he earned by honest and faithful service to his people. In every walk of life he held their approval. That whole life was devoted to their service. In times of peace he labored for them; in times of war he led them in battle. As a civilian he served them with distinction; as a soldier his record is that of a hero. Three times he was dangerously wounded in battle; still he was undismayed and fought on, maimed and crippled in body, yet undaunted in soul. His devotion was so great he could not hesitate or falter; his faith and purpose so steadfast he could not turn his mind from the course of duty, and no peril to himself ever checked him in that course. He fought a good fight. To his intrepid spirit was due the success of his life, and he attained his purpose and ambition in life to a remarkable degree. His career was rich in honors and ripe in years, but—

> The hand of the Reaper
> Takes the ears that are hoary.

And at the age of almost fourscore he was gathered to his fathers. He was laid to rest beneath the sod of his own native State. His comrades buried him with the honors of war and his State bowed its head in reverent sorrow.

His natural instincts to do his whole duty on every occasion

and his disregard of danger to himself were perhaps the causes of his sudden end of life. His attendance and part in the inaugural ceremonies of the President and the exposure resulting from it were more than his years and strength could stand. In a few short days the summons came. And the same high courage that had borne him through so many conflicts sustained him then, and with fortitude and resignation he answered the last call. In that hour he was a conqueror still. He died the death of the righteous, universally lamented as a model of the true and the valiant—as an honest and earnest patriot.

> The fairest treasure mortal times afford
> Is spotless reputation.

This treasure Senator BATE possessed in life, and dying left as a heritage to his people.

[NOTE.—For a duplication of the official statement of the military record of Senator BATE, appended to Mr. Huston's address, see pages 66 and 69.]

Address of Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: A severe hoarseness, as the result of la grippe, will deny to me the opportunity of speaking at length upon this occasion. Moreover, the very late hour admonishes me that I should be brief. Others, more capable than I, have spoken at length of the achievements and given in detail the life work of this distinguished statesman, and I feel my inability to add much to what has been already so eloquently spoken.

Mr. Speaker, near Castalian Springs, in Sumner County, Tenn., on October 7, 1826, a child was born. In the city of Washington, March 9, 1905, a man died. This period measures the life work of a distinguished and well-beloved son of Tennessee. Senator William B. Bate lived to a ripe old age, and died full of years and full of honors. His activities were varied and covered a wide field of action; both in war and in civil life he distinguished himself preeminently. In war he rose from the position of a private to that of major-general, and in civil life he was commissioned by the great State of Tennessee as one of its ambassadors in the Senate of the United States. I shall not attempt to rehearse in detail the particulars of either his military or civic life—that has already been told in language more eloquent than I can hope to employ. The simple statement of his rise to the position of a major-general and for four successive terms a Senator of the United States bespeak sufficiently the merits of the man.

Mr. Speaker, I come not to flatter or to speak extravagantly of the life and character of Senator Bate, and yet I would not be content unless I availed myself of the opportunity of this occasion to bear testimony to the purity of his life, the nobility

of his character, and the efficiency of his life work. Senator BATE was tried in many ways and always found true. In the discharge of his duties as a private soldier or as a commanding officer on the field of battle or in camp life; or as a private citizen in the business affairs of life, or as a civic officer, he ever measured up to the fullness of the standard "always present, always prepared."

Senator BATE possessed in an eminent degree all the elements of character, all the qualities of heart and mind essential to a generous and noble manhood. Possessed of a strong and vigorous intellect, he was capable of a comprehensive understanding of the great problems arising in social and political life. A man of splendid courage, his actions measured up to his convictions. But, Mr. Speaker, better than mere intellectuality was the nobility of his character, the charity of his heart, the purity of his life. In all the elements constituting nobility of character, integrity, honor, honesty, and purity he was a Gibraltar; immovable from the right, impregnable to wrong. It was these qualities of his life which so endeared him to the people of Tennessee and gave them such abiding confidence and unshaken faith in him.

Mr. Speaker, Senator BATE was a man of generous impulses and a catholic spirit. He did not limit his sympathies or confine them by narrow jealousies. The generosity of his heart is well expressed in the lines:

> He prayest best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.

Mr. Speaker, if I rightly understand the aim of his life or correctly interpret the philosophy of life which inspired his life work I think it is aptly expressed in these lines of the poet:

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine.
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill God's grand design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I may do.

Mr. Speaker, true to his love, in the hour of death he gave the injunction, "Take me back to Tennessee." This was done. His body lay in state in the Capitol, and thousands took a last look and did homage to the departed Senator. On the day of his burial many thousands stood reverently to witness the ceremony of placing his body in the grave, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," to await the resurrection. Then came the impressions of another scene, when the women went early in the morning to the sepulcher of a loved One and found the stone rolled away, and asked the gardener the whereabouts of the loved One whom they found not; and the angel answered, "He is not here." Leaving the flower-covered mound, lifting our vision above the glory of the western sun, we shall expect to find Senator BATE in the company of the true and good of earth in that richer, better, nobler life of which the angel spoke, saying, "He is risen."

Address of Mr. Sims, of Tennessee

Mr. Speaker: After all that has been said as to the life, character, and public services of the late lamented Senator Bate in this House and in the Senate, I find it difficult to express myself so as not to appear as repeating and adopting the words and ideas of those who have preceded me in addressing the House on this sad occasion. But it will be an even more difficult task to relate all in the life of the great Senator that will be of benefit to those of us who survive him and to those who come after us.

I have known Senator Bate intimately for thirty years, and I never knew a nobler man, one whose every act and deed, whether private or public, was more worthy of example.

I shall leave to others who are more familiar with his career as a soldier the narrative of his military achievements. I feel incompetent to do him justice in that regard. I shall not dwell on his record as governor of Tennessee nor on his record as a Senator. All these have received treatment at the hands of those better fitted for it than I am. I think, in relating the facts in the life of a good and great man, that it is well to tell of the little things with which every day is crowded, but which, being of apparently no consequence, are not the result of effort or study, but are the uncolored outgivings of the heart—the real man and not the actor.

When I first came to Washington as a Member of the Fifty-fifth Congress at the extraordinary session, in March, 1897, I took my meals at the Ebbitt House, the well-known hotel in this city where Senator Bate lived all the time of his Senatorial career and where he died. I was asked by him to sit at

his table and take my meals with the Senator and his noble wife. In this way, during more than four months of that session of Congress, I was the constant companion of the Senator. Though he was old enough to have been my father, I found him one of the most interesting, pleasant, affable, and desirable companions I ever had, regardless of age. During this time I never saw him angry, never heard him scold or speak cross to a servant; was always most punctual in his attendance at meals; always gave Mrs. Bate as much personal attention and gallant consideration as if she were in her girlhood teens and he her lover and suitor, instead of the gray-haired grandsire that he was.

I never in all my acquaintance with him heard him say one unkind word about anybody. He seemed to be governed in his conversation about others by the rule that if he could not say anything good about them to say nothing. He never took advantage of the privilege of a private conversation to abuse and denounce anyone, however much he might disagree with them. He was always bold and strong in his denunciation of wrong as such and never excused or palliated what was really wrong in his best friend, but in doing so he always refrained from personal abuse or innuendo.

His integrity and purity of life were his elements of greatest strength. Although a learned lawyer, a great orator, an accomplished scholar, his character for old-fashioned honesty was his greatest element of power and influence in the Senate. No man was ever heard to question his honesty of purpose, whatever his position might be on any question.

In his long career there was never even so much as a whisper of scandal in connection with any of his public acts. He was liberal, but not extravagant. He died a much poorer man than when he first came to the Senate. He was fortu-

nate in that he had a competence when he entered public office, and his views of public duty were such that he retired from all active professional or business pursuits and gave all his time and energies to his Senatorial duties.

It is sad to think that the meager compensation of Senators will not permit them to serve in that great body, giving all their time and strength to their public duties, except at a sacrifice to themselves and their families. But such has been the fact so long that the public have concluded that the only acceptable evidence of official honesty is to quit office in poverty, or at least in reduced circumstances.

The great Senator, figuratively speaking, was so erect in his relations with the world while in office that he appeared to lean backward. He literally shunned the very appearance of evil. I knew of an instance where an old and loved friend of the Senator had received his aid in a matter—not strictly official in character, but while in office—who afterwards sent the Senator a present of small value, simply as a token of gratitude, who was greatly mortified when the Senator returned the article with a letter thanking his friend for his intended kindness, but refusing absolutely to receive anything of the slightest value as a gratuity, however innocent the intention of the donor might be.

He refused all courtesies in the way of free railroad transportation and express or telegraph franks, but never in the slightest impugned the motives of any other man who did not follow in his footsteps.

He was indefatigable in his official labors. As a Member of the House I have had every opportunity to know him well in this regard. I was often interested in the passage of a private bill in the Senate, and on account of the Senator's great age and out of a feeling of kindness to him I have sometimes asked

the then junior Senator to look after a private bill; but Senator BATE in every instance asked me why I did not come to him in the matter and always seemed hurt because I did not put the bill in his hands. His love for work was so great that he seemed to want to do it all, and any manifestation of sympathy for him on account of his age or infirmities seemed to be painful to him.

I saw him on the day of the inauguration of President Roosevelt on his way to the platform to take his seat as a member of the inaugural committee. In the Rotunda of the Capitol on his way I saw he appeared to be fatigued, pale, and exhausted. He was urged by an employee of the Senate, who took note of his condition, not to go out in the cold wind and sit with the committee, but the Senator would not heed the efforts of his friends, but, in what he regarded as a discharge of duty, made his way to the front of the inaugural platform, took his seat, and remained there until the inaugural ceremonies were over, exposed to a cold north wind, from which exposure he took a severe cold, resulting in fatal illness of only three days' duration. He thus literally died at his post; he fell on the firing line.

Mr. Speaker, to state all that occurred in the life of Senator BATE that is useful and instructive to the people of his State and nation would fill a large volume, which is impossible on this occasion, but I hope some gifted writer will do justice to his name and fame and leave in enduring form a full and complete history of the public and private acts of this good and great man.

Mr. Speaker, I had the honor to be on the committee appointed by the Speaker of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral and burial of Senator BATE, which took place at Nashville, Tenn., with military honors, on the 13th

day of March, 1905. Tennessee has had many great and well-beloved men, and her people love to show their love for her great and glorious dead; but I never heard of and certainly never saw the attendance of so large a gathering of the people of Tennessee at the funeral and burial of any other man as was in attendance at that of Senator BATE. The people of every walk of life from every part of the State came in almost numberless thousands, and with bowed, bared heads paid the hero dead the last but most tender tribute of their love and respect by the shedding of unaffected tears. Though dead, yet he lives in the example of a good and great life by the following of whose teachings all the world may be made better.

FURTHER ACTION OF THE HOUSE.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. In pursuance of the resolutions heretofore adopted, and as a further mark of respect to the deceased Senator, the House will stand adjourned.

Accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 42 minutes) the House adjourned.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 787 579 2